THE Different Widows:

OR,

Intrigue All-A-Mode.

A Comedy.

As it is Acted at the New Theatre in Little *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Vade, sed incultus qualem decet Exulis esse.

Ovid de Trist.

LONDON:

Printed for *Henry Playford* in the *Temple-Change*, and *Bernard Lintott* at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, *Fleetstreet*.

Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

THE

Different Widows:

OR,

Intrigue All-A-Mode.

A Comedy.

As it is Acted at the New Theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

By Her Majesty's Servants.

Vade, fed incultus quales decet Exulis effe.

Ovid de Trift.

LONDON:

Printed for Henry Playford in the Temple-Change, and Bernard Lintott at the Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet.

Price 1 s. 6 d.

To the Right Honourable
THE
COUNTESS
OF
SALISBURY.

MADAM,

WHEN *Heroick Vertue preſents it ſelf to our View in ſuch a conſpicuous Character as Your* Ladiſhips, *'tis impoſſible to be ſilent, tho' we can never hope to Expreſs the beautiful Excellence, whilſt on a barren Theme Invention might be wanting; Your* Ladiſhip's *Life ſpeaks it ſelf, and to give a bare Relation of Your Actions is a* Panegyrick. *That unalterable Fidility to your Lord, and conſtant Suffering with him; That unſhaken Reſolution of preſerving his Name and Memory entire, and that generous and tender regard of his Relations, gives an* Idea *of thoſe Noble* Roman Wives, *whoſe exalted Merit, in every Change of Life, was ſtill the ſame, Triumphant in Adverſity, and Conſtant in Proſperity; tho' I want Skill to give the Praiſes due to ſuch* Divine Perfections; *Yet I hope at leaſt this may Excite ſome*

more able and successful Pen, whose soaring Genius may prove worthy the delightful Task, and may instruct the Age to Come, by Your renowned Example: Where else shall we find so Active and so Improving a Mind in the Female Sex, to tempt the numerous Hazards of the Sea, passing undaunted over the Raging Billows in search of useful Curiosities, whilest others have thought it a sufficient account of their time to have been buried in Scandal and Intrigue: You have travel'd the Alps, *and made the* Tour *of* Rome, *(once the Capital City of the World) Inlarging the Knowledge and Illustrating the Honour of our Happy Nation.*

I blush to lay so mean a Trifle at the Feet of so Nice a Judge, but 'tis the Prerogative of the Great to protect the most Distress'd: Let its Defects be made up with the profound Respect and Zeal the Author has for Your Ladyship, *and the endless Wishes made for Your continual Happiness, that you may live to see Your Charming Son long possess his Honour, and increase That* Race *which always Adorn'd our Kingdom, that all Felicities may constantly attend the Series of Your* Noble Life. *This and much more than can be Exprest, is the Prayer of*

MADAM,

Your Honours most Obedient,
and most Humble Servant,

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *BOOTH.*

WHAT Arts have we not try'd? What Labour ta'en,
To Reconcile You to Our Houſe again?
One while, in Mournful Tragedy *we ſtrove,*
T' Inſpire You with the tender Thoughts of Love;
But never cou'd your drowſy Paſſions move.
You'r all of late ſuch Rigid Stoicks *grown,*
Ev'n poor Monimia *now might weep alone;*
Whilſt you moſt Phyloſophically frown,
Since Flanders, *and the Fighting Trade came up,*
'Tis thought Effeminate one Tear to drop.
Damn Tragedys *ſays one, I hate the ſtrain,*
I got a Surfeit of 'em laſt Campaign;
Come, prithee let's be gon to Drury-Lane.
Thither in Crouds ye flock'd to ſee, Sir Harry,
Or any Fop dreſs'd All-A-Mode de Paris;
So 'twas but Droll, *it never could Miſcarry.*
Finding your Palates ſo much out of taſt,
We fairly ventur'd for a lucky Caſt;
And Wit *being grown by Prohibition ſcarce,*
Regal'd you here too with an Iriſh Farce.
'Twas Farce, *and therefore pleas'd You; for a while,*
Our Teague, *and* Nicodemus *made you ſmile:*
That Lure grown ſtale, we ſince are forc'd to fill,
With Supplemental Epilogue, *our* Bill:
For, having us'd you ſtill to ſomething new,
You now begin t' expect it as your due;
And ne'er reflect that theſe penurious Times,
Our Bards *cannot afford to give us* Rhymes.
How have I trudg'd about, from day, to day,
Barely to beg a Prologue *to our* PLAY.
Morn, after Morn, I've ſought, yet could not get
(If Life had layn at Stake) one Drachm of Wit;
You'd ſwear I'd gon a Begging in the Pit.

From

From thence to the Old Exchange, *and there I met*
One of our Friends, who's turn'd a thrifty Cit:
At sight of us away the Rogue ran,
Just as we sometimes a grim Serjeant *shun;*
Help, help, cry'd I, Sir, or We're all undone.
Begar, *vid all my Art dit il, me'ave swore*
Never to make the Englis Verses *more;*
But 'cause You be de Friend, if You vad know
Vad rate de Stock, or de Debenture go,
Me'll tell you dat. I thank You Sir, said I,
But, I have no Occasion now to buy.
From him, streight to St. Lawrence-Lane *I went,*
You wot Necessity knows no Restraint;
And there (most horrible to View) I saw
Such Magazines of Court-Hand, *and the Law,*
So nigh resembling those which cost us dear
(In Hall *of* Westminster) *but the last Year,*
I thought no Friend to th' Play-House *could live there;*
But as the Proverb *has't, do right to the* Devil;
The Kentish Yeoman, *Faith, was very Civil:*
It was Term-Time, *and he was to attend*
A Judge, *so bid me not on him depend.*
From thence, it being past the time of Noon,
With nimble Steps I hy'd to the Half-Moon;
Don Quixot *had been there, but he was gon.*
Not speeding there, to Will's *I took my round,*
But not one Poet *there was to be found,*
Except the Author of the Country Wife,
But faith, I durst not Wake him for my Life.
Least his Plain Dealing Muse *should let you hear*
Such Stinging Truths, you'd not know how to bear,
And make you (in a Pet) our House *forswear.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

England's Black Tribunal: Or, *The Tryal of King Charles the First*, by the Pretended *Court* of *Juſtice*. With the laſt Dying Speeches of that Pious Monarch's moſt Faithful and ever Loyal Subjects, *price* Bound 2 *s.*

Pills to Purge Melancholly. Being a Collection of all the Choiceſt Old and New Ballads, and *Scotch* Songs: Fitted to all Humours, with Tunes to each of them, for the Violin or Flute, in Four Books; The laſt Intituled, *Apollo's Feaſt*: Or, *Wits Entertainment*. Containing all the pleaſant *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, Spoke and Writ by *Jo. Haynes*, Mr. *Pinkeman*, *Cave Underhill*, and other Excellent *Comedians*. As alſo the *Mountebank's* Speech, by Mr. *Ward*. The price of theſe Four Books Eight Shillings and Six Pence Bound.

The Excellent *Tragedy of King Saul*. Written by a late Perſon of Honour, for the promoting of Vertue, Loyalty, and Friendſhip. Price Stitch'd, 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The *Tragedy of Oroonoko*. Writ by Mr. *Suthern*. Price Stitch't, 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

The She Gallants, and Heroick Love. By the Honourable *George Granville* Eſq; Each Stitch't, 1 *s.* 6 *d.*

Lover's Luck. By Captain *Dilks*. Price 1 *s.*

With all ſorts of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick Books, and Books on all other Subjects to be had of *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, or at his Dwelling-Houſe in *Arundel-Street* in the *Strand*: Where is to be had the *Dancing-Maſter* Compleat, and the *Apollo's Banquet*; the Firſt and Second Part of the *Diviſion-Violin*; being the beſt Books ever yet Publiſhed, for that Inſtrument.

Dra-

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SIR *James Bellmont*,	Mr. *Powell.*
Lord *Courtall*,	Mr. *Lloyd.*
Careleſs	Mr. *Corey.*
Sir *Anthony Loveman*,	Mr. *Pack.*
Dandle,	Mr. *Leigh.*
Valentine,	Mr. *Booth.*
Eſq; *Gaylove*	Mr. *Wellar.*
Drail,	Mr. *Knap.*
Hearty,	Mr. *Trout.*
Bayliffs, Footmen, &c.	
Widow Bellmont,	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Lady *Gaylove*,	Mrs. *Lawton.*
Angelica,	Mrs. *Prince.*
Lady *Courtall*,	Mrs. *Willis.*
Mrs. *Drail*,	Mrs. *Allison*
Lady *Loveman*,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Mariana,	Mrs. *Bradshaw.*
Lucy,	Mrs. *Parsons.*
Harriot,	Mrs. *Fieldhouse.*

THE

THE Different Widows.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE an *Anti-Chamber.*

Enter Sir James *in his Night-Gown, and Servants.*

Sir *Jam.* TO begin with thee in Heroicks. How wears the Day!

Serv. Paſt Ten, an't pleaſe your Honour.

Sir *Jam.* What an indolent Morning have I had? Repoſe creates freſh Appetite, renews Deſire, and makes the Day, and what's ſweeter than the Day, the Evening reliſh.—— Who has been here?

Serv. Two Masks, Five Governante's, half a ſcore maim'd Watchmen, three Pulvil Women, four handſome Sempſtreſſes, and a Poet, which outſtays all the reſt with a Dedication; he has been here Eleven times, Nine of which I deny'd him of my own accord, the other Two by your Command.

Sir *Jam.* Enow in all Conſcience; bring him up. What can the Mortal find to ſay of me? Ten to one he publickly declares, I [*Exeunt Serv.*] am a very ſober Gentleman, the Hope of my Family, the Ornament of my Country, *&c.* Damn'd Lyes by *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and the reſt of the Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes; for I remember, I paid Two Guinea's for ſwearing Chriſtian Oaths but laſt Night.

Enter Poet *with a Book.*

Do you know me Sir?

Poet. I have not yet been ſo happy.

Sir *Jam.* What can you pretend then? Do you take my Character from Truth, or Fancy? If from Truth, it will upon Examination be call'd a Dedication moſt Impudent, for it will tell me, I am a Man of a looſe Converſation, without Morals, without Honour or Conſcience, Debauch'd in my Life, Debilitated in my Perſon and Fortunes: Now what the Devil had you to do, to proclaim all this?

Poet. Bleſs me! Honourable Sir, there's nothing like it; be pleas'd to Read.

Sir *Jam.* Then there's nothing true: Are you poor?

Poet. Like the reſt of my Fraternity, my worthy Patron.

Sir *Jam.* Yet, if Nature has been laviſh on thee, and qualify'd thy Mind for pleaſing Numbers, never debaſe thy Muſe to groveling Flattery, nor meanly wait at great Men's Doors, for the ſmall Alms which they beſtow on Wit; Starve rather in a Noble Pride; like *Butler* and moſt of that unhappy tuneful ſtrain, Court the unconſtant Goddeſs in any Form but Poetry, and ſhe may chance to Smile; therefore quit Scribling, if thou'd'ſt be either Rich or Wiſe, there's Advice for your Dedication, and Money for your Poetry.

Poet. Twenty Guinea's! I am confounded with your Honour's Wit and Bounty.

Sir *Jam.* Praiſes of either will diſpleaſe me; wait on him down.

Serv. [*aſide.*] Pox take him, he ſhou'd never have come up, if I had thought this; I dare ſwear he has not Twenty more left in the World.

[*Ex. Poet* and *Servant.*

Sir *Jam.* Boy, fill me a Glaſs of Mountain Wine, to prevent Thinking, that Antipathy to pleaſure.

Enter Valentine.

'Tis well my Grave Friend I am arm'd with the ſprightly Juice, for I expect a long Reproof for laſt Nights Sallies.

Val. Sir *James* I grieve!

Sir *Jam.* Prithee do not begin with that abominable ſolemn look: Why our Years are almoſt equal; our Affections agree, and how the Devil came our Conſtitutions to differ: You can live without a Miſtreſs, I cannot, you love to go to Bed ſober, I hate it *Valentine*; theſe things muſt be rectified on your ſide, or we part, that's certain.

Val. Do you know you loſt Five Hundred Pound at Play laſt Night.

Sir *Jam.* Yes, and intend to pay it, ſoon as I can get the Writings out of the Country that I may raiſe more Money.

Val. That ever a Man of your Senſe,

Sir *Jam.* Shou'd ſet up Footmen to keep their Coaches, and bring himſelf to walk a foot, ſhou'd have ſuch a covetous Itch in him, for ſpight of a ſeem-

a ſeeming Generoſity, the deſire of Play Springs from a baſe Root, even from Avarice; for if Diverſion were intended, ſmall Stakes wou'd do, and the Game pleaſe as well, the time paſs more chearfully; for great Stakes create Paſſion, Paſſion Spleen, the Spleen ſeveral Diſtempers, a thouſand Miſchiefs, loſs of Eſtate, Family, and at laſt Untimely Death; there I think I have made as good an Harangue againſt Gaming as you cou'd have, —— Boy, fill me ſome Wine, I deſerve it.

Val. This will break your Mothers Heart.

Sir *Jam.* Then there falls a ſwinging Joynture, which I intend to Mortgage before-hand.

Enter Careleſs.

Car. What not Dreſt yet, thou lazy Thing?

Sir *Jam.* By thy Air thou haſt layn rough all Night.

Car. 'Twas wholly devoted to obliging Mrs. *Draul*, till ſhe durſt not go Home poor Soul, but retir'd to Lady *Gayloves*, I have ſlept an hour ſince, and recruited, pall'd Affection, come prethee let us go there, I know 'tis thy firſt Viſit, which made me call on thee.

Sir *Jam.* Alone with Mrs. *Draul* all Night!

Car. No, there was Mrs. *Tyewell*, but ſhe never ſpoils Company.

Val. [*Aſide.*] Such as you preſerve Reputation.

Car. You muſt know, beſides my ſeeing Mrs. *Draul*, I have another Deſign at Lady *Gayloves*, which if I ſucceed in, Fortune, as you call her, ſhall be my Deity as long as I live.

Val. [*Aſide.*] He a Deſign at Lady *Gayloves*, ſure there's too great an Antipathy between us two, than to allow we ſhould agree in any thing; I have a Plot too, which I'll inſtantly go about, leaſt Chance guide ſuch a Wretch to prevent me.

Sir *Jam.* Come *Val*, ſhall we have thy Philoſophical Company thither.

Val. I have other Buſineſs, Sir *James*: Good morrow, and if good Council is not thrown away upon you, Reflect e're it be too late, be adviſ'd and Reclaim. *Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* Well, let ſober Fools ſay what they pleaſe, to me a Regular Life wou'd be a perfect Courſe of Phyſick, and I wou'd as ſoon be Drench'd, Cupp'd and Scarified by a Doctor to prevent a Fit of Sickneſs I dream'd of, as live wiſely and ſparingly now, becauſe Seven Years hence, my Fortunes may oblige me to it.

Car. The Preaching Rogues that wou'd debauch thy Principles, never taſted Life; Buſineſs and Intereſt is all they mind, and telling over Gold the greateſt ſatisfaction they know.

Sir *Jam.* Unenvied let them count their mouldy Heaps, and boaſt of dull Content, we follow Pleaſure.

Car. Ay, Wine and Women for us. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to Lady* Gayloves.

Enter Mrs. Draul *and* Lucy.

Mrs. *Draul.* Dear Creature, how ſhall I Reward thy Kindneſs?

Lucy. Oh Madam I'll leave it to your Generoſity. I know not what my Lady will ſay, but I'd run greater hazards to ſerve Mrs. *Draul.*

Mrs. *Draul.* Fear not, for if nothing elſe will do, this Diamond-Ring will Mollifie her. [*Gives a Ring to* Lucy]

Lucy. I muſt needs ſay, it has a very perſuaſive Look.

Mrs. *Draul.* I muſt Compound with my Wretch of a Husband before I go Home, or I ſhall be moſt unmercifully Us'd.

Lucy. 'Tis a ſad Age we live in, that a Gentlewoman can't pertake a little harmleſs Mirth, but ſhe muſt ſuffer under theſe Apprehenſions for it. Hark, the Bell Rings, I'm wanted, this is my Lady's hour to Dreſs, and I muſt go Air her Scarf and Snuff-box. for the Fatigues ſhe perpetually indures makes her very careful of her Health.

Mrs. *Draul.* I'll retire and expect good News. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Lady *Gaylove* at her *Toylet.* Enter *Lucy.*

Lady *Gay.* Well, give me my things, Lord, I am infinitely glad Furbelows are out, they had ſuch an unſizeable Air, one cou'd not diſtinguiſh a Woman of Quality from an Hoſteſs.

Lucy. The Ladies will be ſurpriz'd.

Lady *Gay.* Ay, they'll think me a Monſter, tho' it has been an Eſtabliſh'd Faſhion in *France* theſe ten days. What Preſents to day *Lucy*?

Lucy. Lady *Smirk* has ſent a pair of *China* Jarrs; the very wonder of their kind; My Lady *Cringe* a Charming Sett of Plate for your *Toylet*, and my Lady *Bounce* half a dozen Bottles of right *Nants Brandy.*

[Lady *Gay. Stamps*] Why wou'd ſhe offer to ſend me ſuch a Preſent publickly? She's the moſt indiſcreet Woman.

Lucy. Madam I took care and hurry'd it to your Cloſet before any body gueſs'd what 'twas.

Lady *Gay.* Mighty well thought on, and I muſt own, tho' Lady *Bounce* has faults, ſhe's good natur'd and a tolerable Companion.

Lucy. Then Madam here's Mrs. *Draul* when you pleaſe to ſee her.

Lady *Gay.* Dear Angel why does ſhe ſtay from my Arms, *Lucy* I'll have no body held in an Impertinent Diſcourſe now, ſince I've learn'd to put on my Complexion a Bed, let every one come up without ſcruple. How broke Mrs. *Draul* looſe from her Wiſe Teacher thus early, he us'd to

hold

hold forth againſt Patches and Vizards, and ſpin his Morning Lecture to a much later hour?

Lucy. Oh Madam, ſhe had the Misfortune to ſtay out with Mr. *Careleſs* a little longer then uſual laſt night, and dur'ſt not go home to the Brute her Husband; tho' your Ladyſhip was a Bed, I took pitty and kept her here, or Heaven knows what ſhe wou'd have done.

Lady *Gay.* Ridiculous; pray who taught you pitty, this is fine indeed, my Reputation ſhall be injur'd for the ſake of your compaſſionate Nature, muſt my Houſe be the Refuge of Runagate Wives, I ſhall be pointed at, 'tis Imprudently done; not that I'd perſuade Mrs. *Draul* to go home againſt her will, or that I find fault with her leaving the hideous Fellow, but to ſtay at my Houſe all Night, why if it ſhou'd be known, I ſhou'd be undone.

Lucy. Dear Madam be pacify'd, I'll ingage my Life it ſhall be a Secret, ſhe's ſorry for the accident, and only ſtays till ſhe can get ſome Friend to make up the Matter with Mr. *Draul*; in the mean time ſhe begs you'll wear this, as a Sign you forgive her. [*Gives the Ring.*

Lady *Gay.* 'Tis prettily Sett: Well, I excuſe you both, but don't let her come near me, that if I am ask'd, I may ſwear I han't ſeen her, I wou'd not have the leaſt Cloud on my Reputation, what Letters wait my Leiſure?

Lucy. Half a hundred Madam.

Lady *Gay.* Give them me, ha, here's one from the Rich *Jew*, he's an Obliging Man, whatever he gains by Uſury he lays out in Intrigue; one from my Lord *Courtall*, he Dyes for the Charming Lady *Loveman*; well, next to an affair of one's own, 'tis the greateſt pleaſure in the World to be Confidantè to another.

Enter Sir Anthony *and his* Wife.

Lady Gaylove *throws down her Letters on the* Toylet.

Lady *Gay.* Dear, Dear, Lady *Loveman!*

Lady *Lov.* I taſt no Joy, till I come to ſee you.

Sir *Ant.* Nay truth is, Cocky never lets me reſt till I bring her hither: Your Ladyſhip has ſome particular Charm.

Enter Sir James *and* Careleſs.

Car. Good Morning Ladies.

Sir *Jam.* Good Morrow Widdow.

Lady *Gay.* Dear Sir *James* Correct that rough Style of Yours.

Sir *Jam.* I'm in a rough humour; Five Hundred Guineas loſt laſt Night at my Lord *Winnalls*, a Damn'd deal of Mony Faith.

Lady

Lady *Lov.* If my good Wishes might prevail, you shou'd have better luck.

Sir *Jam.* Whilst the Fair Smile on me I defy Fortune, and have forgot my Ill Chance already.

Lady *Gay.* What kind Planet Reigns to day that I am blest with *Dandle*'s absence, I never mist him before when Sir *James* was in Company?

Sir *Jam.* I rose sooner than usual this Morning to escape being alone with him, when he finds me gon he'll ramble hither, for besides his Friendship to me he has a great passion for Your Ladyship.

Lady *Gay.* Out on him Despicable Creature. *Lucy*, when he comes, watch him and guard my *China* from being broke, for 'tis the most busie, most troublesom, and most unlucky of all two Legg'd Animals.

Sir *Jam.* I love his hard Words, they often divert the Spleen; then when we are Drinking and Quarrelsome, without scruple we can kick him down Stairs; when upon a frolick, not a Man can break Windows or abuse the Watch better.

Car. And at last he is sure to be taken and attone for all, but Whist, here he comes.

Enter Dandle.

Dandle. So, so, I have caught you by *Jove*; Sir *James*, the Glory of Intriegue, and Lady *Loveman*, the Queen of Beauty, Lady *Gaylove* the Goddess of Pleasure, the *Superstratum* of Delight: What, here are Letters from every Corner of the World, fill'd with Encomiums on your Wit and Shape, and Face and Air, *&c.* ha, [*Goes to her Toylet.*

Lady *Gay.* Good Mr. *Dandle*, be persuaded to be well Bred and keep your Distance

Sir *Jam.* From the Ladys Secrets.

Dandle. Hold let me Read this, it begins with, Dear, Witty, Gad I'm almost Jealous, in spight of all her Railings, she'll Marry at last, and then I shall hang my self.

Lady Gaylove *and* Dandle *strive for the Letters, he pulls down the Powder.*

Lady *Gay.* Sir *James* why don't you breed a Tame Monkey to follow you, I am confident it wou'd be a much better Companion and do less Mischief?

Car. (*to Lady Gay.*) I thought to have seen Mrs. *Draul* here.

Lady *Gay.* What means Mr. *Careless?*

Car. With your leave, Madam, I wou'd speak with her.

Lady *Gay.* I hear she is broke out in perfect Rebellion, and do you think I wou'd hazard my Reputation to Entertain her, on my Word unless she return to her Husband I'll never see her more.

Car.

Car. 'Tis Impoſſible!

Lady *Gay.* Sure I may be believ'd, I tell you I won'd not have ſuch a blot in my Character, ſuch a breach in my Decorum, as to Receive a Wife into my Houſe in Diſobedience to her Husband, for the third part of the Univerſe.

Sir *Jam.* (*making Love to Lady Lov.*) Charming Angel, how dangerous 'tis to Gaze upon you! Sir *Anthony*, you are the happyeſt Man in the whole World.

Sir *Ant.* Do you really think ſo? Nay Cocky is a fine piece of Fleſh and Blood, and I know my Happineſs.

Sir *Jam.* She is a Lovely Creature.

Lady *Lov.* Sir *James* you are a Rambler, and think your ſelf oblig'd to flatter every new Face.

Sir Ant. See, ſhe has a Tongue in her Head, ten to one 'twill be too hard for you.

Dandle. (*Aſide*) Gad the Old Toſt makes a good Pimp.

Sir Jam. I'll wait on you, and perſuade you to think better of me.

Sir Ant. And ſo ſhe ſhall, or I'll forfeit my Coat of Arms.

Dandle. (*Aſide*) And I an't out of my Augury, if thou wou'dſt not rather have them inlarg'd, I know what *Sir James* wou'd be at, but what can this Old Fellow mean?

Sir *Jam. Sir Anthony*, tho' we have held ſome Correſpondence about grave Affairs, we have ſeldom met to Converſe——— prithee Knight let's be better acquainted.

Sir Ant. With all my heart, by'r *Lady* I have not ſeen a Civiler Gentleman, I love him becauſe he reſpects my VVife; pray do us the Honour to call when you come in the City, and if I be not at home, *Cocky* will Entertain you.

Lady *Lov.* To pleaſe nowne *Deary*, I'll do any thing.

Dan. (*Aſide*) Gad I'll banter this Categorical Gentleman: *Sir Knight*, a word in your Ear, do you really intend to leave that *Mark Anthony* alone with Your *Cleopatra?*

Sir Jam. (*Aſide*) Dog be Silent and prevent many Stripes.

Sir Ant. Why what if I do, I think *Sir James* a very worthy Perſon, and he ſays ſuch fine things of *Cocky*, I can't tell how to make him amends, but tell me, he is not uſed to Corrupt Vertuous Women is he?

Dan. No not ſo neither, but Sir *James* is handſom and Women are frail, and by your Phyſiognomy———

Sir Anthony *draws his Chair nearer*, Dandle *removes it again, and throws* Sir Anthony *down.*

Sir *Ant.* I cou'd find in my heart to beat the Coxcomb, I am much provok'd, only good Company reſtrains me, but by'r Lady [*Aſide.*] I'll not take

take much pains to bring Sir *James* and my Wife together. I thank Mr. *Dandle* for that Hint.

Enter Mr. Draul *Dreſt like an Eſſence Woman.*

Eſſence. Bleſs your good Honours, the fineſt *Eſſence* in the whole World, here's a Scent wou'd revive the Dead.

Lady *Gay.* Pray who are you, did any body here ſend for thee, I ſhou'd as ſoon think thou ſold'ſt *Oyſters* as *Eſſence*, I never ſaw ſo unpromiſing an Air.

Eſſence. Madam, your Ladyſhips own Eſſence Woman order'd me to wait on You.

Lady *Gay.* Has ſhe ſent me the Water ſhe promis'd me, Extracted from Jonquils in the Bud.

Eſſence. She begs your Pardon as ſhe is a living Woman, ſhe cou'd not help it; Lady *Sweetlack* had it, and gave her Ten Guineas for it.

Lady *Gay.* Let her never dare to come into my ſight agen, ſure I cou'd have given Ten Guineas as well as my Lady *Sweetlack*; I did not ſend my Diamond Necklace, my Gold Watch and Monkeys Chain, to buy *Indian* Bargains; Gentlemen I ask your Pardons for my Paſſion, but Paſſion becomes a Lady ſometimes.

Car. Oh extreamly!

Eſſence. [*Aſide.*] My Jezebel is not among theſe, I muſt ſearch farther I am ſure ſhe is in the Houſe, and now I have put on the outſide of Prophaneſs, I wou'd willingly wear it to ſome purpoſe.

Lady *Gay.* *Lucy* take ſomething of her.

Eſſence. [*Aſide.*] Hum; I think this Houſe has infected me, for I am almoſt tempted to Evil, I like the Damſel well, what if inſtead of Correcting my Wife, I make merry with a Mrs.——I think 'twere beſt, but if I ſee my *Harlotry*, anger will prevail for this time; however I can ſlip a Piece of Gold into her hand, and ſhe'l gueſs my meaning when I call agen.

Eſſence. Mrs. *Lucy*, I have a ſecret Beauty, a perfect Charm, but I wont name it before Company. I've heard my Lady *Gaylove*'s humour, have me into ſome Cloſet and I'll ſhow it and tell its wonderful qualities.

Lady *Gay.* I like this Woman ſtrangely, have her in.

Ex. Lucy *and* Eſſence Woman.

Sir *Jam.* Madam I'll wait on you tomorrow at Two preciſely.

Sir *Ant.* Unfortunate People as we are, we Dine abroad tomorrow.

Sir *Jam.* Next day then I wont fail.

Sir *Ant.* Alaſs! then we ſhall be teiz'd with a great deal of Ill Company at Home, but I'll ſend word when *Cocky* and I am at leaſure to entertain You ſutable to your Merit.

Sir *Jam.* [*Aſide, to* Dan.] This is your doing Raſcal, but I'll be even.

Dan.

Dan. Dear Sir *James*, I thought nothing but to Jeſt a little.

Car. Thou wert born the Enemy of all Mankind.

Lady *Gay.* And the Antipathy of all Women.

Dan. Severe enough in all Conſcience, and yet I dare ſwear; you all love me.

Enter Mrs. Draul *purſued by her Husband, dreſs'd for the Eſſence Woman.*

Lady *Lov.* Bleſs us, what's here?

Mrs. *Dra.* Oh ſave me from the Monſter!

Mrs. *Dra.* No Monſter till you made me one Minks; is this the effect of my Inſtruction, my early Advice, and my late Examination. Avant thou Daughter of Levity, of Pride, Deceit and Prophaneſs: I ſuſpected your Haunts, and have ſpoil'd your Market; now let your Gallant provide you a Lodging for good and all, but he'll go near to leave you in the Lurch, when the Husband will Maintain you no longer.

Lady *Gay.* Out of my Doors you wicked Creature and don't diſturb my Houſe with Your Brauls.

Car. I thought Madam you were to have been believed, or I had prevented all this.

Lady *Gay.* It muſt be *Lucy*'s Contrivance for I am Innocent, Oh the horrid Slut, I am Diſtracted, ſhe ſhall out of my Houſe this Minute, I'll hear no body ſpeak in her behalf. I know that Mrs. *Draul* was here? Oh abominable!

Sir *Ant.* By'r *Lady* my Neighbour *Draul*, ha, ha, ha, I cannot chuſe but Laugh at his Diſguiſe tho' I pity his Misfortune.

Mr. *Dr.* (*Aſide.*) Fly thou *Witch* of *Endor*, or I ſhall be forc't to do thee a Miſchief, I dare ſay nothing to Lady *Gaylove* leſt I come here my ſelf on the like buſineſs.

Mrs. *Dr.* I'll not go till I am Juſtified; I have done you no wrong.

Sir *Jam.* I feel an Inclination in my ſelf to turn *Knight Errant*, and Relieve this Diſtreſſed Female.

Lady *Gay.* Such Indecorums Committed in my Houſe I ſhall never Enjoy my ſelf agen.

Lady *Lov.* Have Patience Dear Madam.

Lady *Gay.* 'Tis impoſſible, my Reputation, my Reputation.

Da. Egad, I'm in a Conſternation, I never ſaw ſuch a Hurricane before.

Sir *Ant.* Now Neighbour, what wou'd you give for ſuch a Wife as *Cocky?*

Mr. *Dr.* (*Aſide.*) Does he Inſult, but I'll bear it, I may ſee his Wife lead him the ſame Dance, ſhe's in the ſame Gang, and that's ſome hopes.

Mrs. *Dr.* Do but hear me, I'll Appeal to all this Company——

Mr. *Dr.* Why thou art the very *Whore* of *Babylon*, let me reach thee.

Mrs. *Dr.* No poor innocent Woman was ever Perſecuted thus. [*Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* A fair Chace and if I loſe my Game I'll Renounce *Fornication.*
(*Exit. after her.*

Mr. *Dra.* Lady I ſhou'd ask your Pardon for this Diſturbance, I believe it was againſt your will, or Mrs. *Lucy*'s either that my Wife was here, but I'll take another opportunity. (*A Sweet Girl*, Exit.

Lady *Gay.* What does the Wretch mean, was there ever ſo vexatious an Accident?

Enter Servant.

Serv. There's my Lady *Bellmont* below and a Young Lady with her, come to wait on your Ladyſhip.

Lady *Gay.* Ceaſe that *Ravens Croak*, ſure all the World conſpire to torture me, how came ſhe to neglect her Country Huſwifry and Viſit the Town, which uſed to be her Averſion, go wait on them up. *Lucy*, Compoſe Your Face, don't look with that ſorrowful Countenance, as if thou waſt going to be Marry'd, Dear Sir *Anthony* let us be merry, let us laugh.

Dan. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady *Gay.* Ah, ſure You imagine them ſtill upon the Road, ten Miles off, I'll ingage they'd have heard You, Lord I am overcome with the Flatus—— *Enter Lady* Bellmont *and* Angelica.
Dear, Dear Siſter this is an unexpected Bleſſing.

Lady *Bell.* And Undeſir'd by me, the Town and I are no great Friends.

Sir *Ant.* By'r *Lady* I am glad to ſee You Madam.

Lady *Bell.* I thank You, but I'm afraid You want ſome Money of me for my profuſe Son, his Steward tells me, he has had large Sums of You.

Sir *Ant.* VVell well, I have Security in my hands, and by'r *Lady* he ſeems to be a hopeful Gentleman.

Lady *Gay.* A pretty Lady with her, an 'twou'd make an agreeable Figure in my Circle. Madam I hope You have no Quarrel to the Town?

Angel. We are young Acquaintance yet, and in that State 'tis not natural to be Fond.

Lady *Gay.* You are ſo Charming I ſhall fall in Love with You.

Lady *Lov.* And I ſhall grow Jealous.

Car. VVe muſt admit this Lady into our Society.

Angel. Pray what Society?

Lady *Gay.* The *Beaux Eſprits*, they meet at my *Toylet*, where there's old ſtriving for Approbation, 'tis that which ſtamps the Wittling, a Man of Parts Polite, *&c.* the *Sonnetier* a Poet, and the dull Inſenſible, a Man of Intrigue, and Affair, no well bred Lady will admit a Lover but ſhe inquires, Is he frequent at my Lady *Gaylove*'s? Does his Coach wait there from Ten to One? I give them the *Cadence*, the Art of Speaking, the Refin'd Notions.

Lady

Lady *Bell.* Dear Sister ſpare your reſin'd Notions at this time, I came to ſee You and your Children, and to talk of a Son of mine, who is ſo Polite to Viſit here.

Lady *Gay.* Fy, fy, is any thing a greater Indecency, than to talk of one's Children? How can You raiſe ſuch Odd, Out of the Way, Diſcourſe?

Lady *Bell.* Now I am Convinc'd the Report was true, we heard in the Country, that You conceal your Children as You do your Wrinkles, and for the ſame reaſon You'll pardon my Freedom, for I have reſolv'd to ſee them.

Lady *Gay.* (*Aſide.*] Devil on her, I ſhall go Mad. *Lucy*, call them, [*Exit. Lucy.*] there's no putting my Siſter off, they are a Couple of Unfaſhioned Things, for really I find a Woman of my general Acquaintance has too many Affairs upon her hands to throw away any time upon Children.

Enter Squire Gaylove *and* Marina, *both aukardly Dreſs'd.*

Sq. (*Aſide.*) What can we be ſent for before all theſe? Faggs, I'm aſham'd.

Lady *Gay.* Come *Maſs* and *Miſs*, make the beſt of your Honours, this is your Aunt.

Ang. (*Aſide.*) *Maſs* and *Miſs*, does ſhe call them! The Fellow looks old enough to beget Sons and Daughters.

Lady *Bell.* Cozens, You are infinitely grown ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Sq. I don't Remember I ever ſaw you before. Is this my *Aunt*, Mother?

Lady *Gay.* Mother! Prithee, Child, learn to ſay Madam.

Sq. Well, Madam then.

Lady *Bell.* Come hither *Marina*, You are very Fair.

Mare. Alas, I am ſo unpoliſhed, I want Aſſurance to appear in any Company.

Lady *Bell.* Prettily anſwer'd. Siſter, You are Cultivating other Beautys and Neglect your Daughter, who is as Lovely, as 'tis poſſible Nature can produce.

Lady *Gay.* A Chit indeed, Siſter, for Your ſake, I've ſtrangely broke my Rules, they never appear where I am, for tho' they are ſhot up ſo, I aſſure You, the Eldeſt is not Fifteen, and I was barely that, when I had him.

Angel. On my Word, he is well grown.

Sir *Ant.* Fine Children, truly, Maſter is juſt like his Father, his Noſe and Eyes Exactly.

Lady *Lov. Miſs* is the Picture of Lady *Gaylove*, her Charming Air and Eaſie Shape.

Lady *Gay.* Nay, I have been told, that ſhe might Viſit ſome Relations, and paſs for my Self.

Lady Bell. That must be where You han't Visited these Twenty Years, Sister.

Ang. (*Aside.*) You'll Mortifie her till she turns us out of Doors.

Dan. Prithee, Master, what Sport do You love, *Marbles*, or a *Top*?

Sq. May hap, Neither.

Cur. Dandle will make the *Young Squire* Angry.

Lady *Gay.* What Violence do I suffer, oh Insupportable!

Dan. How do You imploy Your self then, Learning your *Lesson*, and Saying Your *Catechise*?

Sq. Don't make a Game at me, don't, for all your Fine Cloaths, I may hap to give You a Fall, and that wou'd Vex You.

Dandle *Sets his Neckcloath,* Squire Gaylove *hits him a Slap o' th' Face*; Dandle *draws his Sword*; *the Women Shriek*; Squire *beats* Dandle *off the Stage. All Run out but Lady* Bellmont *and* Angelica.

Lady *Bell.* I have no Apprehension of any Danger, but without Ceremony, let us be gon.

Ang. With all my Heart,

And if each Place is fraught with Fools, like this,
To Cure Your Spleen, You cannot go amiss.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the* PARK.

Enter Lady Bellmont *and* Angelica.

La. *Bell.* SPeak Sincerely, my Dear *Angelica*, did'st thou ever see any thing so Fantastick as my Sister *Gaylove* and her Companions; is it not worse than *Bedlam*, for those poor Creatures can't help it, and she can, Yet this is it my Mad Son delights in: Curse on his Travails, I cou'd almost Curse my self, that neglected every other Thought for his Advantage; his Education was my only Care, and he is Ruin'd.

Angel.

Angel. Not quite, I hope, Madam; You know I have an Obligation to wiſh him other ways, and if You pleaſe to give me leave, will try to Reclaim him. He ſays, I hear, no Woman ever Conquer'd or Out-Witted him; Now I fancy I have as many Crotchets in my Head as he, and I am ſure I have more Money, and ſo have moſt likelyhood not to fail in my Deſign.

La. *Bell.* Go on, and Heaven Proſper thee. Here comes *Valentine*, his only Sober Friend.

Enter Valentine.

Well *Valentine*, What ſay's the Reprobate?

Val. Faith, Madam, he wants Recruits, each coming Hour brings new Debauches and new Expence.

La. *Bell.* Wou'd I cou'd forget him, equally forget the Labour of his Birth and Pleaſure, to behold the lovely Boy, Born when his Father was in height of Greatneſs and of Fondneſs, Ambaſſadour in *Spain*: VVou'd the Remembrance were loſt, or he had liv'd to have taught him better.

Val. Believe me, Madam, the Noble Seeds of Honour are mingled with the Fire of Ungovern'd Youth, and will in time Surmount.

Angel. Hear ye that, Madam, were he a Fool with this Wildneſs, I ſhou'd deteſt him, but a Witty Man ſome time or other ſees his own Faults. A Fool let's all the World ſee 'em, but never will himſelf.

Val. Young *Bellmont* hates the Common Road, Swears to leave the Eſtate juſt as he found it wou'd be, as if he never had been Born.

La. *Bell.* Dear *Valentine*, how ſtand You in his good Grace?

Val. He ſay's, (in his ſobereſt Minutes) he is my Friend; and I believe, 'mongſt all his Faults, he hates a Lye.

La. *Bell.* I know You his, and therefore beg ye to aſſiſt this Lady, who has promis'd, from her own goodneſs chiefly, and a Tye which the Ungrateful Man ſeems to forget, to aim at his Amendment: He's not Inſenſible, if he were, ſuch Beauty muſt prevail.

Val. Fair *Angelica* knows I am hers; but firſt, pray help me in a Deſign I have on Foot.

Angel. With all our Hearts: VVhat is't?

Val. I have ſet an Engine at work, to Steal my Lady *Gaylove*'s two large Children.

La. *Bell.* Steal her Children!

Val. Yes. The Nurſe has them often, for a Week, or ſo, at her diſpoſing; and being a weary of my Lady's Unmindful Uſage, brings them to me. I know the Boy of Age to chuſe a Guardian, and the Maid is Innocent and Pretty: I hope to better them, and make my own Fortunes.

Lady

La. Bell. They can't be worse; Your Designs, I know, are good, and my House, if You please, shall be the Refuge for *Marina*.

Val. That was what I wish'd, but wanted boldness to ask; ha, here they are.

Enter Nurse, *Squire* Gaylove *and* Marina.

Sq. *Gay.* What, Nurse, are we going to your Little House at *Chelsey* agen, hey?

Val. No, Master *Gaylove*, you are coming to me; and my Lady *Bellmont* will prove a kinder Mother than her own, to Fair *Marina*.

Mari. I must be Instructed, e'er I can pay my Thanks, as I ought, for being deliver'd from the Prison of a Nursery.

Squ. Ah hey, Nurse, What, this is the Performance of the fine Story you told me last Night, of new Cloaths, a new Guardian; and is it true, Faggs, I thought you had Ly'd, Nurse, Faggs, I did!

Nurse. You'll find it all true, Sir.

Squ. And *Nunck*, for I suppose you are some kin to me, Faggs, else you wou'd not love me so, shall I have a Sword, and Fight that Boy, lesser than I, that made me as Mad as a Dog, Faggs, he did, *Nunck*, shall I have a Sword?

Val. You shall go to my Lodgings, and have every thing becomes a Gentleman.

Squ. La you there now; when wou'd my Mother say so!

Angel. Oh *Education!* 'tis to thee we owe the little Light, the All we can discern below; these help't by thee, might have been fine Things. Madam, wou'd You change your Witty Wild Son, for one like this?

La. *Bell.* Folly is better than Wickedness.

Val. Nurse, there's Money for you; pray set the *Squire* down at my Lodgings, where every thing is prepar'd to Equip him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

Squ. Come away, Nurse, I long for a Sword, Faggs, I do; 'b'ye Sister, come Nurse, Farewel Mamma, Faggs, I care not, I shall not cry to such--- Faggs, come along Nurse, for a Sword, Midhap I mid along'd Nurse.

La. *Bell.* Come, Fair Neice, you are not afraid to trust your self with me?

Mare. No, Madam, it's what I chuse and wish.

Sir James *Crosses the Stage with Mrs.* Draul.

Angel. Ha, my Libertine, I beg you'd leave me with my Woman, and Pray for my Success.

Val. We do, heartily.

Lady

La. Bell. Farewel, my brave, beſt Girl. [*Exit. La. Bell and Val.*

Angel. Hariot, be ſure you do it well, you have my full Inſtructions.

Har. I warrant You, Madam.

Angel. I'll to the next Paſſage, and take a Chair. The *Twiſted Poſts*, remember.

Har. Yes, Madam, 'twas lucky to find him here.

Angel. That was all one, he muſt have been found; mind You your Buſineſs.

Har. Fear not, I wou'd do any thing to ſerve you.

Angel. I know thee Faithful, and wiſh thee Fortunate. Make haſt.

[*Exit. Angel.*]

Har. They Croſs agen, I'll obſerve a little——

Enter Sir *James and* Mrs. *Draul.*

Sir *Jam.* Come, Madam, be pacify'd; a Lady of Spirit, Beauty and Youth, as you are, wou'd but laugh at ſuch a Diſgrace.

Mrs. *Dr.* Aye, Sir *James*, if one had deſerv'd it; but to be expos'd for nothing, goes to my Heart.

Sir *Jam.* The only way to eaſe your heart, is to deſerve it. I vow to Gad, Madam, it ſticks upon a pretty Woman's Conſcience, when a Croſs Husband is Jealous without Cauſe, ſhe ſuffers all the Torment without the Pleaſure.

Mrs. *Dr.* Is't poſſible?

Sir *Jam.* Moſt true: What d'ye think I dandle after ye for, but to Convince ye of this Doctrine!

Mrs. *Dr.* Fy, fy, Sir *James.*

Har. Fy, fy, Sir *James*, with that Air, I ſhall loſe my Man, if I don't make haſt. (*comes forward.*) Sir, Sir, (*pulls him by the Sleeve.*)

Sir *Jam.* What ſay'ſt thou, Child?

Har. There is a Lady——

Sir *Jam.* Whiſt, a Meſſage from my Mother: Dear Madam, walk on a little way.

Mrs. *Dr.* No matter where, for I am in a Mortified Condition. (*goes on.*)

Sir *Jam.* What Lady, my Dear, Dear Embaſſadreſs of *Love*, I read it in thy Eyes; what Lady, Chicken?

Har. Stark mad for a New Woman---- Oh, ſhe is Young and Gay as *April* Flowers, as Beautiful as Roſie Mornings in the pleaſing Month of *May.*

Sir *Jam.* All upon *Similies*, I Faith, and lives in *Paradiſe*; purling Streams are at her Feet, and Dewy Streets ſhed all their *Odours* on her. Come come, quick, the Sign, the Street, the Name, Quick, Quick.

Har. But you are Ingag'd.

Sir

Sir *Jam.* You see I am; therefore swear, swear, ye little *Gypsie*, by some dreadful Oath, fix some horrid Imprecation, that she's handsomer than this Woman, or from the Disappointment expect no Mercy.

Har. May the Curse of Woman-kind be mine; may I dye an Old Maid without the Reputation of Vertue; may I always stay two hours waiting in every Assignation, and then be Disappointed; may I lose my Teeth, my Hair, my Eyes——

Sir *Jam.* Hold, hold, enough, enough, if what?

Har. If my Lady does not as much exceed that Thing, as a *French* Air does a *Dutch*, or an *English* Beauty an *Ethiopian*.

Sir *Jam.* I am satisfy'd: How shall I go to her, my little Angel?

Har. In a Whirlwind, follow me.

Sir *Jam.* And most luckily here comes Company; I can have my Disconsolate Damsel in.

Enter Sir Anthony, Careless, *and* Dandle.

Madam, my Mother sends, upon her Blessing, I shou'd come: I beg your Pardon, and will commit ye to my Friend *Careless*, and your Neighbour, Sir *Anthony*.

Mrs. *Dr.* With all my heart, for I wou'd tell Sir *Anthony* my Story.

Sir *Jam.* Now my little *Pegasus*, my pretty Nimble-Chops, away, away.

Har. Quick then, if you follow me.

[*She runs out, he after her.*]

Dandle *Talking to Sir* Anthony.

Dan. Aye Sir, the Elements Met, Met, Sir; Fire, Air, Water, Earth and Fire, and Six more, Sir, they made a terrible Rumble.

Car. Where was this, *Dandle?*

Dan. In *Jamaica*, Gad if you had seen 'em helter skelter, you'd never have forgot it: Down come a Torrent, up starts a Whale, away flys a Mountain, shudder shudder comes a Rock in its Place; thus it is, as it were topsy turvy, Sir; d'ye mind me, Sir *Anthony?*

Sir *Ant.* Yes, Yes; but I wonder where *Cocky* is, she said this Walk, I am sure she did?

Dan. Then the *Great Mogul*'s Niece, Lord, how fond she was of me, and his Daughter In-Law, Sir *Anthony*——

Sir *Ant.* May be so, Sir, I did not know her.

Dan. Not know her, Sir, she was——

Sir *Ant.* Like enough——

What, I must speak to Mrs. *Draul.* Neighbour, why your Husband's a Whimsical Man; hey, Neighbour?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Dr.* Hye, if you knew my Innocency, I that have made *Candles*, I that have been a Slave to his Infirmities upon all occaſions, to be left at laſt to the Inhumane World only for going with Mrs. *Tyewell*; ah, ah, Sir *Anthony*, 'twas not ſo of Old, the City was in better Diſcipline.

Sir *Ant.* 'Twas ſo, 'twas ſo, Mrs. *Draul*; (I wonder where *Cocky* is) but Mrs. *Draul*, did that ſame Mr. *Tyewell* propoſe any thing to ye, hea?

Mrs. *Dr.* No, no, Sir *Anthony*, 'twas Mrs. *Tyewell*, nothing neither in Word nor Deed: Captain *Careleſs* was by, Sir; ſpeak Sir, was there any Signs of harm?

Car. None, none in the VVorld; the Frollick was a very pretty Frollick.

Dan. A very pretty Frollick, Lady *Loveman* has done as much a Thouſand times.

Sir *Ant.* How, my *Cocky*, no Mrs. *Draul*, my *Cocky* is too Nice; the Fellows may Talk, but *Cocky* goes no farther.

Dan. Nay, ſhe'll Smile, and Ogle, and Wink, to my knowledge; and theſe are ſhrew'd Signs, Sir *Anthony*.

Mrs. *Dr.* What Signs, ye Coxcomb; 'tis ſuch Pick-Thanks as you, turn honeſt Men's Brains, ſo 'tis.

Sir Ant. True, Mrs. *Draul*; there's ne'er a Man in *England* can ſay black is *Cocky*'s Eye, tho' ſhe has the fineſt Eyes in the whole World, ſuch a Sparkle, ſuch a Turn, oh my *Cocky*'s Eyes, (but I wonder where ſhe is) ſuch Eyes, Mr. *Careleſs*——

Car. Brilliants, upon Honour, Sir *Anthony*.

Dan. Brilliants, ah, if you had ſeen *Preſter John*'s Daughter, there were Eyes, the reſt of the World's are all like Dead *Whiteings* Compar'd to 'em.

Sir Ant. 'Tis falſe, Mr. *Dandle*; there's ne'er a *John*'s Daughter in Town or Country, to Compare with *Cocky*'s.

Dan. How Sir, Contradict the known Verdit of my Travails, you are a *Poltron*.

Sir Ant. You are a Lyar by Authority, take that for your *Poltreon*, (*Strikes him, and Struts about.*) I'll dye in Defence of *Cocky*'s Eyes.

Dan. And I in the Glory of Maintaining the Princeſs of *Zamaracandas*, let me come at him.

Care. Civil Wars will enſue, d'ye Conſider where you are, in the *Park!*

Dan. 'Tis well, I ſhall take a time——

Sir Ant. So ſhall I, to Cudgel ye: *Cocky*'s Eyes abus'd. Ha, who's yonder, is not that *Cocky*, let's make haſt!

Dan. I'll go with you, to prove to ye——

Sir Ant. What?

Dan. That You are a Fool.

Sir Ant. Thou art all over Impudence, but I'll haſten to ſee if that bean't *Cocky*, come Neighbour *Draul*.

Care. How foolishly in appearance, do I spend my time, but 'tis not without Design, to be richly paid for't. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Gaylove's.

Enter Lady Gaylove, *Lady* Loveman, *and* Lucy.

La. *Gay. Lucy*, get the little Snug *Tea-Table* ready, bid the Footman at the Fore-Door say I am not at Home, order Trusty *Sam.* at the Back-Door to let in my Lord *Courtall.*

Lucy. Yes Madam; wou'd your Ladyship have none else but Lord *Courtall* Admitted?

La. *Gay.* No, Fool.

Lucy. I understand ye, Madam. [*Exit.*

La. *Lov.* Lord, how I tremble to have a Correspondence carry such a Face of an Intrigue; indeed he's a Man of Quality, and that weighs much with a Citizens Wife; but then my Vertue, Lady *Gaylove*, and his doisy Thing, his *Spouse*, a Creature infinitely Jealous, how wou'd my Reputation suffer, were our Innocent Conversation discover'd!

La. *Gay.* Your Reputation, Madam; there's no Woman in the whole Town stands upon her Reputation more than my self; but a little Chatt, and a great deal of Love, are the prettyest Things in this World: Prithee tell me, how and how, prithee do, what Progress he has made?

La. *Lov.* None at all, I assure ye, Madam; he dares not own his Flame.

La. *Gay.* But You can guess at it, hey, Child?

La. *Lov.* I must confess, he buzes in my Ears in the Box, when I miss a Fore-Row and am Condemn'd to a Fourth.

La. *Gay.* Good, Good!

La. *Lov.* Nay, he has sent me several Letters, but I always return'd them, never broke the Seals of one, and was very Angry with my Woman.

La. *Gay.* Ah, I us'd to be very Angry with my Woman too, but cou'd never forbear Opening the Letters.

La. *Lov.* Hush, I hear him coming, am I in order?

La. *Gay.* A small Recruit, and your Force will be Invincible.

La. *Lov.* How?

La. *Gay.* Paint, Paint agen, 'tis the first thing I do in a Morning, yet ever secure a hidden Reserve for all day, as Nature's Paint fades in few Years, so that in few Hours; did you perceive me then?

La. *Lov.* No.

La. *Gay.* That Moment I gave my Cheeks and Lips a Tincture; my Hankerchief, my Sleeve, my Bosom, all are furnish'd. [*Shows her.*] I learn't it in *France*, they do it there perpetually.

Enter

Enter Lord Courtall.

Ld. *Cour.* My Lady *Gaylove*, the Soul of Wit and Gallantry!

La. *Gay.* My Lord *Courtall*, the Spirit of Converſation, Delight of the Lady's, and Emulation of the *Beaux*; but what ſay you to this Goddeſs of Beauty?

Ld. *Court.* There Admiration and Pleaſure ſtrikes me Dumb!

La. *Lov.* You are very Polite, my Lord, nor am I unmindful of your Merit; I aſſure ye this is the firſt time I e'er Conſented to Drink *Tea* in a Corner.

Ld. *Court.* Ah Madam, I hope you'll reliſh the Sweetneſs on't; the prettyeſt Things in the World are done in a Corner.

La. *Gay.* Ha, ha, ha, but in no Corner of mine I proteſt, my Lord; pray do not imagine me ever guilty of an *Indecorum*.

Ld. *Court.* Oh fie, Madam, I know you better!

La. *Lov.* Come let us go to the Table then, we muſt be ſpeedy, I'm ſure when my Buddy Miſſes me in the Park, he'll come directly to my Lady *Gaylove*'s.

La. *Gay.* Fear not, *Careleſs* and *Dandle* have my Orders to Amuſe him. Uſe no Conſtraint, my Lord; I'm afraid he'll not make his Addreſs before me, and then my Pleaſure's loſt.

La. *Lov.* My Lord, will You Sit

Ld. *Court.* By You? With all my heart, thou faireſt Bloſſom productive Nature ever Form'd.

La. *Lov.* Now this is what you have ſaid all over already; I muſt confeſs I ſhou'd abhor Love from a Married Man——

Ld. *Court.* Ah Madam——

La. Lov. In any but my Lord *Courtall*.

La. Gay. VVell Redeem'd, upon my Honour, ſhe put him in a Cold Sweat.

La. Lov. Nor can I forbear ever being in Apprehenſion of your Wife.

Ld. Court. No more, I beſeech ye Madam, if I but hear her Nam'd, I'm Sick that Day.

La. Gay. Polite, I profeſs; is your *Tea* good, my Dear?

Enter *Lucy*.

Lucy. Oh my Lady *Courtall*'s below, ſay's You are at Home, and ſhe will ſee ye; ſhe follows me, Madam.

La. Lov. Betray'd, Undone!

La. Gay. You Undone! What will become of me, all my *Decorum*'s broke!

Ld. Court. I'll be gon.

Lady Gay. Oh you meet her there, theſe Upper Apartments have but one Pair of Stairs; I hear her coming up; into the Cloſet, and ſit cloſe, ſtill, I mean, or I'm ruin'd; in, in, I ſay.

Locks them in. *Lord* Courtall *leaves his Hat upon a Chair.*

Enter Lady Courtall.

La. Court. I hope my Lady *Gaylove* will pardon this Freedom, but I have ſuch earneſt buſineſs—— ha, you ſeem ſurpriz'd, Madam!

La. Gay. To be caught in ſuch Diſorder, by a Perſon of your Ladyſhips Quality, puts me in great Confuſion; *Lucy*, ſet away the Things quickly.

La. Court. [*Aſide.*] I ſee the Hat, and want no other Proof; I know the Diamond-Buckle. 'Tis very well, Madam, and I'll tell ye my Deſign and Buſineſs; my Lord is going to take the Houſe juſt oppoſite to yours, and I have a mind to ſee if this is fitted like it, and to ask your Opinion, I know my Lord admires your Judgment.

La. Gay. [*Aſide.*] Safety's the Word, and the Danger's over. With all my heart, Dear Madam; in the firſt Apartments I think there's ſomething Curious, Conveniencys which perhaps your Ladyſhip may not have obſerv'd.

La. Court. I fancy ſo there is here. Lady *Gaylove*, pray let me look on this firſt, is this View into the *Park*, Madam?

La. Gay. Yes, Madam. (*Aſide*) I begin to be in a Cold Sweat agen.

La. Court. And this Cloſet, is it pretty?

La. Gay. I hope it will, but 'tis not yet Furniſh'd.

La. Court. I pray let's ſee it.

La. Gay. I, I, I broke the Key in it this Morning. So now 'twill out.

La. Court. The Deceit's too plain, and thus I expoſe ye all.

(*Flys againſt it, and beats it open*)

So Devil thou art my prey. (*They Shriek.*)

La. Gay. Oh, in my Houſe, my *Decorums*, my *Decorums!*

La. Lov. Some help, ſhe'll tear me to pieces!

Ld. Court. Ceaſe for Woman-hood, for ſhame!

La. Court. Let me come at her, let me come at her!

La. Gay. Save me, ſave me!

Ld. Court. Fear not, I'll calm this mighty Fury; know Ladies, this is not my Wife, one, who in my Doting Fondneſs, I gave the priviledge to be call'd ſo, and thus ſhe uſes it.

La. *Court.* Villain, 'tis falſe.

Ld. *Court.* Woman, 'tis true; and be you Silent for ever, and gone, or all the World ſhall know it.

La. *Court.* Will you go with me then? (*Crying.*)

Lord

Lord *Court.* Yes, to rid the Houſe of ſuch a Fury. A Wife,--- like Virtue, is to bear; and thoſe Nobly Born, ſcorn Extravagance, like this.

La. *Gay.* Not Married, Madam, I muſt beg of you to be gon, a Woman of your Character ſullys my Apartments, polutes my Circle, I profeſs!

Ld. *Court.* That's too much, Lady *Gaylove*; but we'll be gon, another time I ſhall take, to ask your Pardon for this Rudeneſs.

La. *Court.* Oh! I ſhall burſt with inward Rage, but he has ſtop'd my Mouth. [*Exit. Ld.* Courtall *and Lady.*

La. *Gay.* How does my Deareſt? Come, chear up, I warrant her Tongue's ruled, and we ſhall hear no more of this.

La. *Lov.* Oh, I am frighted to Death! All my Head-Cloaths are off. Well, I ſolemnly ſwear, never to have an Intrigue agen, with a Man that has but the leaſt Shaddow of an Ingagement, that any other Woman can lay the leaſt Claim too. *Sir* Anthony *without.*
Why where's *Cocky*, I can't find *Cocky*; why nown *Cocky*?

La. *Lov.* Oh Heavens! My Husband: Now my Miſery's Compleat.

La. *Gay. Lucy*, is the Devil in ye, to let this Fool come up without Notice!

Lucy. Madam, I am hared out of my Wits.

Enter Sir Anthony *and* Dandle.

Sir *Ant.* Hey, *Cocky* a top o' th' Houſe! I have left *Careleſs* and Neighbour *Draul* below, Impertinence wou'd follow. What's the matter, *Cocky?*

La. *Lov.* Oh, oh, oh. (*Falls in a Fitt*)

La. *Gay.* [*Holding her.*] Oh, I find it! Alas, ſhe has been in Fitts this hour, and frighted me out of my Sences.

Sir *Ant. Cocky* in a Fitt! Ah, Undone, Undone! Run for ſome Cold Water; for Heavens ſake, ſpeak to me, *Cocky*, ſpeak to thy nown *Tony*; ah, ah, help, Mr. *Dandle!*

Dan. Aye, aye; let me come. (*runs, and tumbles over the* Tea *Table.*)

La. *Gay.* A Devil; the Dog has thrown down my *Tea* Table!

Sir *Ant.* No matter, Lady *Gaylove*, I'll give thee another, do but help my Dear *Cocky*: Ah, ſhe revives a little, oh, dear *Cocky!*

La. *Gay.* How is it now, Madam? Poor *Lucy* and I have held her thus this hour, till her Cloaths are all pull'd off almoſt.

Lucy, Aye, my Arms ake, and my Heart akes. 'Twas a ſad Sight.

Sir *Ant.* Ah poor *Cocky*; ſend for a Doctor, ſend for a Doctor, ſome of you; good People ſend for a Doctor!

La. *Lov.* I'm a little better now, my Dear.

Sir *Ant.* What, thy nown Dear, do'ſt thou ſpeak agen, my Jewel!

Dan. Why, what the Devil's the meaning of all this! I believe ſome body has been pulling her Head-Cloaths off.

La. *Gay.* Out of the Room, ye pittyleſs Monſter, ye Scandalous Cur.

Sir

Sir *Ant.* Get ye gon, ye Prophane Son of the Great *Mogul.*

Dan. No matter for that; here's ſomething thou do'ſt not underſtand, Prigg.

La. *Gay.* Mind him not. Shall we remove to larger Rooms, my Dear, for more Air?

La. *Lov.* With all my heart.

Sir *Ant.* Pray, your hands; lean upon me, *Cocky.* Unfortunate Man, that I ſhou'd live to ſee my *Cocky* ſick; lean upon me.

La. *Lov.* Softly, my Love.

Sir *Ant.* Ay, ay, my Dear.

La. *Gay.* [*Claps her upon the Shoulder, and crys*] Well done *Cocky*, well done *Cocky*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Angelica*'s Apartment.

Enter Angelica.

Angel. Why beats my Heart with ſuch unuſual Motion! Why do I ſigh and bluſh, and fear the Tryal! Succeſs attends on Virtue: I love this Wanderer; 'tis all I wiſh, to make him mine for ever. And hear me, ye Powers that favour Goodneſs; touch his wild Soul with the kind Shaft of Love, and Crown my Juſt, my Virgin VViſhes. I hear him coming, and will retire to raiſe his Expectation. (*Retires.*)

Enter Sir James *and* Harriot.

Sir *Jam.* Well, we have drove like the Devil; and where are we now?

Har. Don't you ſee, in a handſom Apartment: Where wou'd you be?

Sir *Jam.* But the Lady, Child,

Har. Is coming; I gave the Signal, and I know ſhe'll be here in a Twinkling.

Sir *Jam.* But is ſhe Young, the very Blew upon the *Plumb*; Fair as Opening Flowers, and all thoſe Damn'd fine Things thou ſay'dſt at firſt, Child, ha?

Har. Nay, your own Eyes muſt be Judge; I'll not Fore-ſtall.

Enter an Old Governante.

Sir *Jam.* The Devil! Support me, or I Faint!

Har. Shaw, Shaw, this is her *Governante.*

Sir *Jam.* Oh, I Recover agen!

Gover. My Lady; Sir, will VVait upon you as ſoon as ever ſhe has adjuſted an Unruly Curl behind.

Sir

Sir *Jam.* I long, with Impatience, to kiſs her Fair Hands. Now, muſt I pretend to know her, to this Antiquated Gentlewoman? Hark ye, you little Air and Fire; your Lady ſends this *Duena*, I ſuppoſe, as *Ben. Johnſon* prepar'd his *Witches*, to ſet his Beauty's off at *Court-Masks*.

Har. That, I believe, is her Deſign.

Sir *Jam.* But, I hope, when ſhe appears, you Vaniſh?

Har. Moſt Dutifully.

Enter Angelica.

Sir *Jam.* Ha, a Bluſhing Beauty, beyond Example, Fair!

Angel. You'r Welcome, Sir, are you not ſurpriz'd?

Sir *Jam.* At ſuch a Miracle, it is impoſſible to be otherwiſe.

Angel. I mean, at the Oddneſs of your Coming. Set Chairs, *Harriot*.

Sir *Jam.* [*Whiſpers.*] And Retire. [*Exit.* Har. *and* Gover.

Angel. I have often ſeen you, Sir.

Sir *Jam.* [*Aſide.*] In love with my proper Perſon, that's Certain.

Angel. And being free, and at my own diſpoſe, wou'd view your Mind, and if that anſwers, I may pronounce ye perfect. Pray tell me firſt, your Notion of Love?

Sir *Jam.* Faith, Madam, I'll be plain with ye: None of your Sex can lay Falſhood to my Charge, for I give 'em fair VVarning, and tell 'em before-hand, what they muſt truſt to: I may ſwear, as the reſt do, Cuſtom has tagged it to Love-Speeches; but I never wiſh 'em to Credit my Oaths, and if they'll deceive themſelves, who can help it?

Angel. I find now a days, Love and Religion are Modell'd by every Profeſſion. Pray what kind of Paſſion do you Propoſe?

Sir *Jam.* That which Nature firſt Inſpir'd, and ſtill Continues among the Undegenerate part of the Creation: The happy Animals know no Confinement, they meet and love, then part and Range, neither Upbraiding when they meet agen; Falſhood and Jealouſie ne'er break their Peace.

Angel. Then you Imitate the Brutes?

Sir *Jam.* Not ſo, but I loſe no Advantage they can boaſt; Reaſon, the vaſt diſtinction of our Species, refines the Bliſs, and equals us to *Jove*; and Converſation gives a grateful Reliſh, keeping the ſoft Impreſſion ſtill in Memory. Come, let's retire, and taſt the Sweets of Love the beſt, moſt perfect, pleaſing way?

Angel. Shou'd I conſent, wou'd you not hate me for it; were I Convinc'd of that ——

Sir Jam. Try me, thou ſofteſt, deareſt of thy Sex, if thou repent'ſt, my Life ſhall be thy Sacrifice.

Angel. Then, I confeſs a Temper free as yours; ſo apt to Love, and ſo diſdaining Bondage, without Controul we'll Revel all the Night, and in the Morning, riſe without diſtruſt, each in the dear purſuit of newer Conqueſt.

Sir

Sir Jam. Oh Extaſie! Is there Beauty and ſuch Wildneſs joyn'd? A Soul ſo like my own! I muſt Embrace thee as my deareſt Treaſure, the only Jewel I have ever fouud.

Angel. Hold, hold, Sir; e'er our Alliance grows ſtricter, pray let me know your Name, for I confeſs my ſelf an abſolute ſtranger.

Sir Jam. All the better, Child, yet to be upon the ſquare, Madam, you ſhou'd begin no Curioſity, but for fear of loſing ſuch a Bleſſing, makes me deſire it.

Angel. I readily Comply. Mine is *Dona Angliana Hiſpaniola Amora.*

Sir Jam. A Deviliſh long *Spaniſh* Name, but a Charming *Engliſh* Face; for the Name, no matter. Faith, Madam, Mine's ſomewhat ſhorter, which I fear, you may diſlike: However, to help it out, Thanks to my Forefathers Parents, 't has a Knight-Hood tack'd to it, and I am call'd, *Sir* James *Bellmont.*

Angel. *Shrieks out help, help, and falls in a Sound.* } [*Governante* and *Harriot* run to her.

Har. What have you done, baſe Man?

Sir Jam. Faith, Child, kill'd her with my Name; tho', I'll be Judg'd by the whole World, if hers did not ſeem to have moſt danger in the Sound.

Gover. What's the Matter?

Angel. *Flys to Embrace him.* } Stand off, this is *Sir James Bellmont*, Governeſs.

Gover. Ah, ah; *Sir James Bellmont!*

Sir Jam. Ye Immortal Gods, who the Devil am I! Hers was a ſweet Embrace! The Old Fool Drevils.

Angel. Yet lead me from him, he is too Lovely, and our Fate denys!

Sir Jam. For Heavens ſake, Madam, explain your ſelf; for I am a Dog if I can Underſtand ye!

Angel. Such was your Father, ſuch his Matchleſs Grace, when in his Youth, in *Spain*, he paid his Vows to my Unhappy Mother, *Dona Amora*, ſhe dyed; but for the Love ſhe bore her firſt plighted Lord, ſent me to *England*, for my Education, where, till this hour, I never heard of you, my too, too dear Brother.

Sir Jam. Nor I of you, my too, too dear Siſter. Prithee, let's forget our Kin, and renew our Love, that's better by half.

Angel. What! horrid Inceſt! Away, away, lead me from thoſe too powerful Eyes! [*Exit Lead off.*]

Sir Jam. Unhappy *Don Sebaſtian*, henceforward, I'll be call'd. Am I Inchanted, what can this mean! But hold, I'll raiſe ſome of the Houſe, and be Conducted to my Dear Siſter, tho' 'tis but Charitable to Comfort her in her Diſtreſs. Here, where are you all, who lives in this Houſe?

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Did you call, Sir?

Sir Jam. Yes, Sir, I did call. Pray ſhow me the way to *Dona Angliana Hiſpaniola Amora*'s Chamber. Does not a *Spaniſh* Lady Lodge here?

Serv. Sir, here came ſome Ladies about two hours ago, and gave a *Guinea* Earneſt for the Lodgings; but they are juſt gon laughing away, in a Hackney-Coach that waited, and ſaid, they believ'd they ſhou'd come no more.

Sir Jam. Trick'd, for nothing, Trick'd. Call me another Coach: If not my Siſter, then, Fair *Sorcereſs*, beware——

I cannot Storm, if I Conſult my Heart:
The Inchanter Claims above a Siſter's Part.

ACT III.

Enter Sir James, *Meeting* Careleſs.

Sir Jam. WHAT kind Intelligence do'ſt thou bring? What New Intrigue is Forming? For Love and Pleaſure glows in thy Cheeks, and ſparkles in thy Eyes. See, here's a Letter from Lady *Courtall*; all are kind, but *Eſpaniola*.

Car. Wou'd I had been Born to thy happy Fortune; thoſe Amorous Eyes Win every Heart they aim at. Here's a Note ſlipt into my hand, by pretty Lady *Loveman*; Directed to *Sir James Bellmont*. VVho wou'd not Envy thee!

Sir Jam. Dear Creature, let me Kiſs it: (*Reads*) Sir *Anthony* is gon into the City, and that Miſchievous, Interrupting Wretch, *Dandle*, by my perſuaſions, is gon with him. I ſhall be at Lady *Gaylove*'s; where, if you are at leiſure, we may Trifle an Hour agreeably.——'Tis well Contriv'd, by *Venus*; and once it would have fir'd me to the purpoſe; but now, that Lovely, *Spaniſh*, Cruel, Witty Devil, dwells in my Thoughts, and allows but half Inclination.

Car. That's a Whimſical Story: Can't you gueſs who the Lady was?

Sir Jam. Oh, no: For if I had not kiſs'd her hand, and found it Subſtance, I ſhould have thought ſome Goddeſs had been upon the Ramble, as they uſed to be of Old, and took me in her way, for the Jeſts ſake.

Car. No Rapture, good Sir *James*, but let us fly; you know I must be there to engage Lady *Gaylove*, or she'll give you no opportunity to make a Private Assignation, and yet stand so upon her *Decorums*, you must not speak a Word aloud.

Sir Jam. I'll go with thee presently; but first let me see my Old Fellow out of the Country; I expect him every Moment; Money must be had; Business of any other kind, might wait.

Car. Ay, Money must be had: Well, I'll loyter at Mrs. *Tyewell*'s, till you Call for me. *Exit. Careless.*

Enter Lady Bellmont *and* Valentine, *to Sir* James.

Sir Jam. Ha, my Mother! The only Female, who, if I durst, I wou'd forbid my Lodgings. Madam, you are Welcome; this is indeed a Favour: But can you tell me, are the VVritings Coming?

La. *Bell.* I find, my Son, you are the same you was; a lavish Reprobate, Thoughtless of Time to come; ——

Sir Jam. I apprehend your Admonition is design'd long, but i'll spare you the Trouble, for by the Sympathy of Nature, I can guess all you wou'd say, and much Talking is a prejudice to the *Lungs*.

La. *Bell.* Thou barefac'd Libertine!

Sir Jam. So much the more Honourable; I hate the sneaking Rogues that dare not own their Principles; they love Variety as well as I, and Drink and Fornicate in Corners, till they are a Scandal to the Vices they Profess: I wear no Cloak.

La. *Bell.* Degenerate Boy, thou blemish of thy Family, boast'st thou thy Crimes at this Audacious Rate! Is this the Effect of all my tender Care! For shame, Reform, and save the little Moyety thy Vices yet have left: If thou goest on but ne'er so little longer, foulest Disgrace and endless Beggary waits thee.

Sir Jam. 'Tis pitty good Advice shou'd thus be lost, but *Reformation* is a hard Lesson, and I am not Serious enough to Study. I suppose—now you know my Sentiments, we may change the Discourse.

La. *Bell.* Just Heaven, what have I done, how have I Sinn'd, to Merit so severe Punishment!

Val. Sir *James*, we came hither to Consult calmly, and to make a Proposal, infinitely to your Advantage: Your Mother thinks *Matrimony*, wou'd take you off from these wild Courses.

Sir Jam. Won't a Dose of *Opium* do as well? For I have been told, by very wise Astrologers, that when ever I Married, I was a Dead-Man.

La. *Bell.* The Lady I have Chose, is Nobly Born; and has a Fortune large enough to Retrieve what you have lost, and supply your Future Extravagance.

Sir *Jam.* Is ſhe Young and Beautiful; if ſo, perhaps I may Conſent to Viſit her, and perſuade her to be mine upon eaſier Terms?

La. *Bell.* She has neither Beauty enough to Tempt, nor Folly to be Deceiv'd; ſhe has out-lived the idle Qualms of Love-Sick Girls, and will make a Prudent Wife.

Sir *Jam.* That's as much as to ſay, ſhe is Old and Ugly; my Curioſity's ſatisfied, Madam, ſince the Lady's your Friend, I wiſh her well; ſome Superannuated Beau or Unfortunate Gameſter may be glad of her; and they underſtand the Punctilios of good Breeding, and make Civil Huſbands.

La. *Bell.* I ſee my Care for thee, is all in vain, and Patience and Affection will be worn out at laſt. Farewel, Unthinking Man.

Val. Perhaps you may Reflect when we are gon; there wants but that, and you wou'd ſoon Comply with all your Mother's Wiſhes.

[*Exit. Lady Bell. and Val.*]

Sir *Jam.* So, I am in a fine Condition; inſtead of ſaving my Eſtate, ſhe wou'd perſuade me to Mortgage my ſelf; but thanks to *Mercury*, her Son is a little wiſer: What, no Writings yet!

Enter Servant, *pulling in* Hearty.

Hearty. Nea, nea, Maſter, Cham ſo loſt to give the Writings. Wa's me; I little thaught his Worſhip's Son, wou'd ha done thus, Murrain, and the Betts, take his *French* Breeding and he had liv'd at Whom, and Rid over his Vather's Land, he'd ſcant parted with them thus.

Sir *Jam.* Honeſt *Hearty*, haſt forgot thy Maſter?

Hearty. Methinks I have ſome Glimps on him, but that Paund of Hair hides his Vace ſo, troth his own White Locks were main handſomer, (*Cryes.*) yea, I Remember him a meer Urchin.

Sir *Jam.* Give him ſome *Sack*, let him drown Sorrow.

Serv. I ſuppoſe you have liv'd long in the Family, you look Antient, Friend.

Hearty. Spare your Flouts, I was his Vather's Steward, and his Grandvather's Steward; but I gueſs if Young Maſter keeps thee long, there will be ſmall want of that Office.

Sir *Jam.* Drink thy Sack, *Hearty*, and mind him not.

Hearty. Yea, he has Maſter's good Nature, an he wou'd but be Claim'd. Well, take the Writings, I ha no heart to deny you.

Sir *Jam.* Well ſed Rural; here, carry them to Sir *Anthony*'s, and bring the Summ we agreed on; take *Hearty* to the Tavern; now I am qualified for New Pleaſures;

Or, with full Leiſure, to Run o'er the Old:
We cannot want; when VVe've ſecur'd the Gold.

SCENE *Changes to Lady* Gaylove's.

Enter Lady Gaylove, *and Lady* Loveman.

La. *Lov.* Come, let *Decorums* be forgot, I am reſolv'd for Love and Mirth.

La. *Gay.* Dear Creature, I dare not: Oh Reputation, Reputation! what do'ſt thou make me ſuffer!

La. *Lov.* What would you give to wiſh ſo little, yet venture ſo far as I?

La. *Gay.* Excuſe my Anſwer, and vary the Subject: Prithee, tell me ſome News; what Young Wife has forſook her Husband's Vocation, to ſet up for her ſelf; what old Fellow, weary of Peace and Reputation, has twiſted his Neck into the Nooſe of *Matrimony*; what Proud Beauty lies ſick of the *Small Pox*; or what Affected Vertue ſuffers by *Lampoon?* I have been ſo buſied with Amours, I han't had leiſure to enquire of the World theſe two Days.

La. *Lov.* Then you han't heard the Story of my Lord *Flaſh*, who, to ſave Expences, always Intrigues with other Mens Miſtreſſes.

La. *Gay.* That Compound of Thrift and Vanity: Prithee, what of him?

La. *Lov.* Only being Surpriz'd by the Jealous Keeper, in Bed with Faithful *Phillis*, he unadviſedly took ſhelter up the next Room Chimney; was unluckily found, and beſides the Diſgrace and a few Stripes, has Irrecoverably loſt his Complexion.

La. *Gay.* Ha, ha, ha, I'm almoſt inclin'd to Pitty.

La. *Lov.* Then, poor Madam *Dotage*, lies deſperately Sick of Love and Diſappointment.

La. *Gay.* Well, I'll ſwear, that Antiquated Figure of Amorous Gallantry, has often put me out of Countenance.

La. *Lov.* Her Tongue is the Emblem of perpetual Motion; you might as well hope to ſtop a Lawyer in the midſt of his Harangue, as make her hear any thing but her ſelf.

La. *Gay.* Her Lovers, high Birth; generous Education, and her Intereſt at Court, are her Eternal Themes; and ſhe's ſure to promiſe a Man the firſt Place that falls, tho' ſhe never ſaw him before.

La. *Lov.* Ay, and ingage to Introduce him to his Grace as a particular Friend, when his *Valet-de-Chambre* is all ſhe knows of the Family: She has ly'd ſo long, that ſhe deceives her ſelf.

La *Gay.* She reported, it coſt her a Thouſand Pounds laſt Year, to keep a Gallant, when 'twou'd puzzle her to raiſe Fifty, if it cou'd Redeem her Youth and Fame.

La. *Lov.* This is the laſt News you'll hear of her, forſaken by *Sharp*, and deſpiſed by the Town: She has took it to heart, and reſolves, if ſhe recovers, to Reform, even in the View of all the Joys Threeſcore can give; will renounce Mankind, and Retire.

La. *Gay.* Why, then Adieu, formal Gentility, affected Generoſity, and barefac'd Lewdneſs.

Enter Sir James *and* Careleſs.

La. *Lov.* Well, there are but two Things worth our Thoughts, that's Love and Scandal: And now we are out of Breath at the one, what Charming Variety it is to change thus to the other.

Sir *Jam.* Lovely Charmer, this was a kind Contrivance; and you ſhall own I have a Sence of Gratitude. (*Embracing her.*)

La. *Lov.* Dear Sir *James*, be Merciful in your Extaſy, I'm not able to bear this violent Acknowledgment.

Car. Let us not loyter here; 'twere pitty to throw away the few Minutes Fortune gives us to injoy.

La. *Gay.* Now, what can we four do, to Divert our ſelves?

Sir *Jam.* Let Nature Inſtruct, ſhe has the readyeſt Invention on ſuch occaſions.

La. *Lov.* Let's go to the *Play*, there we are ſure to miſs Sir *Anthony*.

Sir *Jam.* *Venus* forbid that Deſign; 'tis an idle hour indeed, when I Conſent to be Entertained with any Body's Intrigues but my own.

La. *Gay.* I never go there but when I have the *Flatus*, and then the Ill Faces and Aukward Dreſſes generally give me eaſe.

Sir *Jam.* Come, let us make——*Carte Paie*——and go where none can Gaze or Prate to Interrupt the Stolen Sweets of Love.

La. *Gay.* I'm almoſt afraid this is violating *Decorums*, but I hope amongſt Friends my Reputation is ſafe.

Care.

Car. I hope, Madam, you think better of us than to Fear.

Lucy. (*Without.*) Mr. *Dandle*, Sir *Anthony*; ſtay and have your Shoes wip'd, do you think my Lady can bear her Rooms ſhould have the Ayre of a Counting-Houſe?

Sir *Jam.* The Fool's return'd, Curſe of Diſappointment.

La. *Gay.* Oh Heavens, what ſhall we do, if we are ſeen together! That Vermin will whim it into Sir *Anthony*'s head, that 'twas by Aſſignation!

La. *Lov.* That Coxcomb has taught him to Contradict Nature, and be Jealous.

Car. Are there no Back-Stairs, that we may ſlip down?

La. *Gay.* None, none; good Mr. *Careleſs* get under the Couch, Dear Sir *James* lye you upon it, there, now help me to throw my Night-Gown over him; ſo, I'll ſet down on the Couch careleſsly, and that will hide all.

La. *Lov.* If we can but ſend the Wretches away without ſuſpition, we may purſue our Frollick.

Enter Sir Anthony *and* Dandle.

Dan. All alone, never a *Beaux Eſprit*; ſure, *Venus* is Retrogade to day; but we are come to your Relief.

La. *Gay.* *Dandle*, if thou haſt the leaſt Reſpect for me, prithee give a Proof of it by thy ſpeedy Abſence.

Dan. Hey, hey, ſure your Ladyſhip has the *Flatus!*

La. *Lov.* Why did nown Dear, ſay he ſhould not come home all day, and make *Cocky* go Abroad?

Sir *Ant.* I, I did go, with a Deſign, as I thought, to do ſome Buſineſs; but, but Mr. *Dandle* can tell beſt; for I think of nothing but Loving thee. Is not my Lady *Gaylove* Well?

La. *Gay.* My Head's a little Diſorder'd, that's all.

Sir *Ant.* By'r Lady, a very ſcurvy Pain.

Dan. A Dram of *Ratifia* is a preſent Cure.

La. *Lov.* You don't go into the City agen to day, do you, Dear?

Sir *Ant.* No, here Mr. *Dandle* wou'd bring me back, he fancied You were here, and——

Dan. Hold, or you Ruin me for ever with Lady *Gaylove!*

Sir *Ant.* Nay, all ſhall out.

Lady

La. *Lov.* I ſuppoſe he invented ſome Story againſt me; was it not ſo?

Sir *Ant.* He wou'd buz it in my Ears, that *Cocky* was falſe, and had an Appointment here, with ſome young Fellow, becauſe you hurried us away; but I did not believe him: Yet he wou'd come back, and over-perſuade me; tho' I am glad now, ſince I found you alone by your ſelves.

Dan. Ha, ha, ha, only a Deviſe to come to Lady *Gaylov* that Minute; for by Sympathy, I knew ſhe was taken Ill; and I have a Box of Snuff is Infallible againſt the *Megrims*.

Offers a Box to Lady Gaylove; *ſhe ſtrikes it out of his hand; he feels for it under the Couch, touches* Careleſs *and Crys out. Lady* Gaylove *ſtarts from the Couch.*

La. *Gay.* [*Aſide.*] Ruin'd, Undone, oh Wretched Fortune!

Sir *Ant.* Ah, what's the Matter! ——

Dan. The Devil, I think.

La. *Gay.* Nay, indeed this Room is Haunted; and now they ſay, the Spirit is ſo bold, 'twill come at Noon-Day.

Sir *Ant.* And why wou'd you offer to bring *Cocky* here? I'm ſure if ſhe ſhou'd ſee a Ghoſt, 'twou'd utterly ruin her.

La. *Lov.* Let us be gon, pray Dear; I am afraid to ſtay a Minute longer.

Dan. Don't be frighted, Ladies; I'gad, what I felt, was alive and warm.

Dandle *Peeps, and the Ladies pull him away.*

La. *Gay.* Fy, how can you be ſo Preſumptious!

Dan. Ha, ha, ha; Gad I ſhall burſt with Laughter; 'tis *Careleſs*: Deareſt Rogue, come out of your Hole, Sir *James* will hugg me for this Diſcovery; he loves Miſchief dearly, when it don't light on himſelf.

He pulls the Couch *away and throws down Sir* James.

Sir *Ant.* Ah, *Baſilisk*, *Harpy*, am I, ſay, am I, a! and are theſe your Spirits! Oh, my Head now!

Sir *Jam.* [*Aſide.*] Now, have not I one Lye ready for an Excuſe!

Car. [*Aſide.*] Till that Rogue, *Dandle*, is Murder'd, nothing will Proſper.

La. *Gay.* How, in the Name of *Wonder*, got you here; this is a Plot upon my Reputation, a Confederacy againſt me!

Lady

La. *Lov.* I am all Amazement!

Sir *Ant.* At the Diſcovery, *Minks*: Oh, that I ſhou'd live to ſee this Day!

La. *Lov.* I hope, Dear, you don't ſuſpect my Innocence!

Sir *Ant.* Don't ſpeak, let Shame keep thee ſilent.

La. *Lov.* Nay, if you are ſo poſitive, I'll leave you, and give you time enough to ſee your Errour; tho', perhaps you may ſee it too late.

[*Exit.*

Dan. [*Aſide.*] Gad, I am afraid I have made good a Saying of Antiquity, and pull'd an Old Houſe o'er my Head.

Sir *Ant.* I ſuppoſe, Madam, this was one of your *Decorums?*

La. *Gay.* Fly, and don't provoke me, for I am all Fury!

Sir *Jam.* Madam, I Humbly——

La. *Gay.* Peace, not a Word; you can ſay nothing will excuſe ſuch Rudeneſs; I gueſs *Lucy* was brib'd to Conceal you, that you might overhear our Diſcourſe, being vain enough to fancy your ſelves the Subject; but you found your miſtake; and now be gon, let me never ſee you more; nor that Slanderer, Sir *Anthony*; nor that Brute, *Dandle*; nothing Thrives where ſuch Company frequent.

Sir *Ant.* By'r Lady, I don't know what to think!

La. *Gay.* I'll go learn the bottom of this Deſign, and then I ſhall know how to be Reveng'd.

Sir James *makes Horns over Sir* Anthony's *Head, and drives him out:* Careleſs *Drives out* Dandle, *and Kicks him as he goes.*

Exeunt.

SCENE *Changes to Sir* James's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir James *and* Careleſs.

Sir *Jam.* Sure, that *Spaniſh* Enchantreſs has ſet a Spell on me; nothing elſe is in my Thoughts, nor no other Intrigue will proſper. Well, had I any hopes ſhe wou'd be mine, I think I cou'd be Conſtant, and forſake Rambling.

Car. Gravely ſpoke; but here comes one will divert thy Melancholly.

Enter Lady Courtall.

Sir *Jam.* Ay, I ſee 'tis in vain to hope being honeſt, till we are paſt Temptation; prithee, be gon and pacify Sir *Anthony*; this Dear, unknown, had almoſt made me forget my Aſſignation.

Exit. *Careleſs.*

Lady

Lady *Court*. [*Unmasking*.] Sir *James*, You muſt believe this a Favour.

Sir *Jam*. [*Embracing her*.] I Do, and Deſign to thank you as I ought.

Lady *Court*. Did my Lord think me ſo Deſpicable, that none would help me to Revenge his Perjury?

Sir. *Jam*. Did he fanſie ſuch Beauty cou'd live neglected, becauſe he wanted Judgment, miſtaken Wretch? but we ſhall be even with him.

Lady *Court*. And, which is the greateſt Pleaſure, in his own way.

Sir *Jam*. True, my Dear Angel, that's the greateſt Pleaſure---

Enter Angelica.

——'S Death another Diſappointment.

Lady *Court*. Ah, Sir *Jam*. is this like a Man of Honour, to Expoſe me?

Sir *Jam*. Madam, as I live, I am all Surpriſe, I Expected no Interruption. Indeed my Servants are not taught to deny Ladys Entrance, and my Joy to See your Ladyſhip, made me forget to Lock this Door.

Ang. Then you wou'd have been Lock'd up together, if I had not come and prevented your Wickedneſs? A fine Confeſſion!

Sir *Jam*. Malicious Gypſie; but I'll fit thee if I can. Madam, Is this well done?

Lady *Court*. What can ſhe mean?

Sir *Jam*. Ay, pray Explain your Self.

Ang. Perfidious Man, have you forgot your Marriage Vows to me? Madam, avoid him as you wou'd your Fate; he ſeeks but to undo, and then forſakes; perhaps he conceal'd his Marriage, and by his Arts perſwaded you to Love him. Alas! what will not Men do to gain their Ends?

Lady *Court*. I'm all Confuſion.

Sir *Jam*. Madam, believe her not; truſt me 'tis falſe; this Lady is my Siſter *Angliana Eſpaniola de amora*; my Father went Embaſſadour to *Spain*, and there begot this fair Impertinence, born to the Native malice of her Climate; who becauſe ſhe has her ſelf reſolv'd to dye a Maid, proceeds to hinder me from Love, and Watches all the day to blaſt my Joys.

Ang. Romantick tale, Dear Madam View me, have I a *Spaniſh* look, or is my Speech Imperfect? Baſe and Ingrateful to Diſown me thus. But, Madam, you I hope have more Humanity, than to aſſiſt his Wrong, as yet you ſtand Excuſed, I know his falſe deluding Words, his faithleſs Vows, and ſoft betraying Glances. Oh! may they ne'er have power to Ruin more! Madam, be warn'd, fly from him as you wou'd from a fierce Baſilisk. Remember he is mine, and never ſee him more.

Lady *Court*. Madam, I ſhall obey, and am glad I Eſcape ſo well.

[*Exit Lady* Court.

Sir *Jam*. What are we in a Womans hands? But I will moſt unmercifully Revenge me on thee for this Miſchief.

Ang. Keep your Diſtance, I have a Guard without ; which on the leaſt Noiſe will Enter, and then you loſe me forever.

Sir *Jam.* Then have you the Conſcience to fright away a kind yeilding Miſtreſs, and not ſupply her Place, without vanity I am ſure you Love me.

Ang. I can't deny, but I have a hankering Mind to that unſtable Heart ; for I'm reſolv'd you ſhall have no other Miſtreſs yet a while.

Sir *Jam.* Do you Comply and I will have no other, that Bluſh conſents, and theſe bewitching Eyes in tender Language ſay I ſhall be bleſt.

Ang. Oh, you muſt ſigh, and wiſh and languiſh ere I yeild. Favours too cheaply given, are thrown away.

Sir *Jam.* Believe me I'm a Man of better Sence, I know how to Receive a Bleſſing, which is ſo much more Valuable for being eaſily Purchaſed, let ſtupid whining Fools purſue the Coy, and Worſhip cold Diſdain and haughty Scorn, give me the ſmiling, eaſie, ſoft, conſenting Fair, that yields without the trouble of a Siege.

Ang. Sure we were made on Purpoſe for each other, our Humours ſo exactly fit, we ſhall both love to the ſame height of Extravagance, both grow weary of one another at the ſame Minute, and then after an airy Whirl through the Pleaſant round of Variety, we ſhall meet again, I with new Charms to tempt, and you with new Gallantry to Conquer.

Sir *Jam.* Exquiſite Charmer ; but I ſhall liſten till I looſe my ſelf ; come let's Retire where I may Love, Adore and Swear and Languiſh, forgetting all the World, but my bright Goddeſs.

Ang. Yet ſtay, before I give up all, methinks I wou'd fain know whether you wou'd not do ſomething more for me than for another.

Sir *Jam.* A Thouſand thouſand times, you cannot doubt it ; retire firſt, then bid me Hang or Drown, or ſend me of an Errand to the *Antipodes*, your Humble Servant ſhall fly to oblige you.

Ang. I have a whimſical Requeſt in my Head for the preſent, grant this, and then it ſhall be your turn to Command, wait a Moment, and I'll ſend a Chair for you, ask no Queſtions, but Submit to their Diſpoſal, and be this Ring the Pledge of our meeting with Pleaſure.

[*Gives a Ring and Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* I wou'd obey, but I've a thouſand things to urge againſt it. What Vaniſhed ? you ſha'n't Eſcape me ſo, I ſhall ſoon o'er take you, or from this time, I deſerve to live Honeſt.

[*As he is going out Enter Lady* Loveman.]

Lady *Lov.* Turn back with me, for you'll never overtake her, the Lady flies as if ſhe feared your Violence, 'twas like to be no Rape I hope ?

Sir *Jam.* No, Madam, a Woman's never to be Raviſht againſt her Will.

[*Aſide.*] A Pox of her ill tim'd Viſit, if this be Variety, I think I ſhall grow

grow ſick on't, and rather Chooſe to be Confin'd to one, than thus to be tantaliz'd by the whole Sex.

Lady *Lov.* Sir *James*, I am in Love with your Humour, and Deſign to Borrow juſt as much of it, as is convenient for a Woman; that is, I intend to be very Gay, ramble a while and defie Matrimony. What think you of the Frolick?

Sir *Jam.* Well, thanks to my Stars, I ſhall never Sigh long for the abſent, here's a Lady now fit for my Purpoſe, ripe and ready. Satan knew I cou'd not faſt till I came to that mad Baggage, and therefore kindly ſent this to ſtay my Stomach. Dear, Madam, I approve your Thought, and will conſult with you in Private how to Improve your Diverſion. Come let's be happy, here we are Secure.

Lady *Lov.* With your Leave, I have reſolv'd to be Honeſt, ſure 'tis not Impoſſible to be Gay and Innocent?

Sir *Jam.* No, but this way you'll pull a Judgment upon your Head, to raiſe our Expectations, and then to Deceive us in my opinion is the Greateſt of Sins.

Lady *Lov.* I had beſt go, if I ſtay longer I am in Danger of being Converted.

Sir *Jam.* I know you will be Mine, you can't refuſe me, but don't Delay, I am Impatient and can wait no longer.

Enter Chair-men *with a* Chair.

Chair. If you are Sir *James Bellmont*, this Chair waits You.

Sir *Jam.* Short and pithy, you ſee, Madam, how Dangerous 'tis to defer Pleaſure, now if you have a Mind to me, Curſe your own obſtinacy? [*Starts.*] How! The Chair darkn'd? [*Going to the Chair.*

Chair. Yes by the Lady's Order that ſent us.

Sir *Jam.* Yet I'm Reſolv'd in ſpight of every contradicting Thought, the Lady's Young and Lovely, and 'twere no hazard to go to her by Witchcraft. [*He is Carried off, and Drops a Letter.*

Lady *Lov.* His Indifferency makes me mad in my Conſcience, a little more Experience, and I ſhall Love my Husband, What's here——

[*Takes up the Letter and Reads it.*

——*My Lord has Injured me, I have Sworn to Requite him. If you'll be within this Afternoon I'll be with you, for I have Choſe you for my Second, 'tis eaſie Eſpouſing the Cauſe, where there is no Danger, I know you a Friend to Lady's, and cannot fear but you will Oblige your Languiſhing*

Courtall.

'Tis well, this may be of Uſe, and my Affront may be returned, thus Miſchief ſtill goes on.

And 'tis in vain alas! we hope for Reſt
While Love, or Envy, harbours in the Breaſt.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Squire Gaylove *and* Nurſe, *and Servant.*

Sq. *Gay.* WELL, *Nurſe*, when will the reſt of my things come? Say; I long to be a Beau. This Sword, *Nurſe*, ſa,ſa,fags, I'm a happy Man.

Nurſe. Ay Maſter, ſo you are, for now you're fallen into good Hands, look'e here comes your Retinue to new furbiſh you, as one may ſay.

Enter Taylour, Periwigg-Maker, Shooemaker *and* Semſtreſs.

Sq. *Gay.* Soa they be come, faggs I'm moſt aſhamed.

Tay. Sir, here's a Coat cut and made to a Hair of the Mode, I hired Three *French* Journeymen on purpoſe.

Sq. *Gay.* Goodlack---- Nay I vow it's fine, lay it down Friend, you ſhall work for me ——many a fair Day I aſſure you.

Tay. Your humble Servant. [*Exit* Tay.

Nurſe. My Friend, I can put it on, I have dreſt my Maſter hitherto my ſelf.

Periwig. Here's a Wigg was made for Beau *Playmuch*, to grace his new Equipage—— [*Aſide.*] But he loſt all, and cou'd not pay for it. Now the Gentleman being my very good Friend, I conſented you ſhould have it as the beſt I ever made.

Sq. *Gay.* Be you ſure it will fit me now, that's the Queſtion?

Periwig. Oh! Sir, ne'er fear that, a long Wigg fits any Head.

Sq. *Gay.* I ſuppoſe, Miſtreſs, you have brought my Linen.——

Semp. Yes, Sir, and hope 'tis made to pleaſe you.——

Sq. *Gay.* [*Aſide.*] A handſome Gentlewoman truly, I could wiſh to tell her a piece of my mind. If you will call agen to morrow, I may ſet you about more Work——

Sem. Your Servant, Sir, I'll be ſure to Come—— [*Ex.* Semp.

Shooem. If you pleaſe to ſit down, I'll pull on your Shooes——

Sq. *Gay.* With all my heart, for that's a difficult Matter, my confounded Corn will make it two or three hours Work for ought I know——

Shooem. I warrant you, Sir, they'll ſlip on like a Glove, I am no Bungler. [*Pulls them on.*

Sq. *Gay.* So Friend, you may go—— [*Exit* Shooem.

[*Aſide.*] They pinch wickedly, but I muſt keep my own Counſel, and patiently ſqueeze my Feet to the Faſhion. Come, come help me on with my Finery, I ſhall ſcarce know my ſelf ſtreight. [*puts on his Coat.*

Nurſe.

Nurſe. 'Tis nicely made, Sir, and becomes you to a Miracle——

Sq. *Gay.* Well, good Breeding is a fine Thing, this Fellow will perſwade me I look Gentile, when in my conſcience I was never worſe Dreſt in my life, if this be your French Cut, commend me to my old Taylour *Slipſhooe*; his Work was neat and clever, this ſlovenly Coat whatever I Eat or Drink, will go halves with me. Let me ſet it right—— [*Puts on his Neckcloth.* You may twirl it long enough, but twiſt it hard, and tuck it in, that will do beſt——

Ser. By no means, Sir, the Beaus will point at you.——

Sq. *Gay.* If they do, ten to one but I think like them that they point at my perfections.——[*Puts on his Wigg.*] Take it off quickly Friend, if I wear it, I ſhall neither ſee, nor hear; this Rogue never took meaſure of my Head, and now I muſt be forced, to wear my old Scarcrow——

Ser. Sir, your Wigg is made to a Miracle, you'll be the Envy of the Chocolate Houſe——

Sq. *Gay.* I'm ſure, ſay as you pleaſe, I ſhan't endure it, that's certain; why I can't find my way without being led, 'tis as much too big as a Riding Coat, and as heavy as a Bee-hive; pha, pha, the Hairs are all in my Mouth, I muſt be Dumb to prevent being Choak'd——

Ser. Be patient, Sir, Three Days will reconcile you to it, ſo heartily you'll admire it all Day in the Glaſs, and not be willing to put it off when you go to Bed.——

Sq. *Gay.* Well, I am perſwaded, good lack, what do people ſuffer for the Faſhion?——

Ser. One thing more and you're Compleat——

Sq. *Gay.* Ha! What's this? [*Offers him Snuff.*

Ser. Snuff, Sir. If you don't take this you can be no Beau.

Sq. *Gay.* Something to ſweeten my Breath, I warrant—— [*Eats and ſputters.*] Oonds the Rogue has poiſon'd me, ye Dog if I am to be a Beau, muſt I eat the Devil in Powder.——

Ser. Dear, Sir, 'twas purely your Miſtake, 'tis to be taken up the Noſe, as thus Sir.——

Sq. *Gay.* As thus, Sir, then why did you let me ſend it the wrong way.

Ser. You take too much, Sir. [*Snuffs, ſneezes and Coughs, the Powder flys out of his Wigg and blinds him.*

Sq. *Gay.* Ye Raſcal I'll have you Hang'd. Sirrah, as ſure as I live, you have Muther'd me, I am Blind, Choak'd, and Poiſon'd, Nurſe lead me out. If I can but get to tell my Couſin, I ſhall dye Contented. [*Is lead off.*

SCENE. *Lady* Gaylove's.

Enter Mrs. Drawle, *and* Lucy.

Lucy. Believe me, Madam, he makes fierce Love to me.

Mrs. *Drawle.* Can his Gravity Condeſcend to talk of Love; this is moſt Lucky

Lucky, ſince I have met with ſuch a faithful Friend, and if it come to an Aſſignation, my Dear contriver. ——.

Lucy. It is this Night, in a back Appartment, where my Lady ſeldom Comes, there I'll conceal you.

Mrs. *Drawl.* Oh my beſt Lov'd Girl, when I have caught his Sanctity tripping, how I will Triumph, make my own Conditions.

Lucy. I will Conceal you, ſo ſhall make a good Comical Jeſt on't, if I miſtake not, but not a Word to my Lady, who I think I hear Coming.

Mrs. *Drawl.* No, no, no, I'll to the Cloſet, and Watch thy Call.

Lucy. Do Madam.

Mrs. *Drawl.* Now Mr. *Long Grace* and *Little Manners*, to be even with thee. [*Exit Mrs.* Drawle.

Enter Lady Gaylove *and Mr.* Careleſs.

Lady *Gay.* Curſe on all Ill Luck, I have loſt more Reputation, broke more Decorums, and have had more Intrigues ſpoil'd within theſe few hours, than in my whole Life before.

Car. That Impertinent Fool *Dandle*, Sir *James* has Thraſh'd him already, and I owe him the ſame Payment.

Lady *Gay.* Surely, Sir *James* incourag'd him at firſt, only as People keep Monkyes, on Purpoſe to do Miſchief; *Lucy*, no News yet of my Lady *Loveman.*

Lucy. No, Madam.

Lady *Gay.* What's become of the poor dear Creature, I wonder, ſhe does not truſt me with the Affair.

Enter Sir Anthony *and* Dandle.

Sir *Ant.* How can you come into my Houſe, after ſuch Rudeneſs? and that Fellow will never leave, till I order my Footmen to Uſe him as he deſerves.

Sir *Ant.* I come in Search of *Cocky*, I cannot Live without *Cocky*, that's in ſhort.

Lady *Gay.* You ſhould Learn to Govern your Paſſion; then for my Part, I know nothing of her, upon my Honour.

Dand. Nor that Gentleman?

Car. How doſt thou dare Reflect, thou Inſect! Haſt thou no Dread of Beating before thy Eyes. I believe that Fellow will be Mummy, ere he'd part with his Darling Detraction, and his Companion Impudence——

Dand. I will ſtand by my Injur'd Friend, Sir *Anthony.*

Sir *Ant.* I thy Friend, thou art rather my Friend, always at my Elbow, puting ill Thoughts in my Head againſt my *Cocky*, I hate thee——

Dand. So doth all the World, and yet I make a ſhift to live in't——

Enter

Enter Lady Loveman *in Mens Cloaths.*

Lady *Lov.* Ha! my Husband? No matter I'll truſt his Purblind Eyes; A Letter Madam, from a Friend of Yours———

Lady *Gay.* And a pretty Meſſenger——— [*Hums o're the Letter. Having no Luck with the Men, reſolved to turn Gallant, and have at the Ladies*——— Very well I proteſt, Sir your humble Servant.

Lady *Lov.* Madam, I am Yours———

Sir *Ant.* Any News from *Cocky.*

Dand. I think it is her Hand.

Lady *Gay.* Stand off Rudneſs it ſelf: Yes Sir *Anthony*, your Lady has took your ſuſpicions ſo to Heart, that ſhe's retired from the World; Reſolves to Live in a Cell, and never behold the Face of Humane kind———

Sir *Ant.* Oh my *Cocky!* My *Cocky!* I will find her tho' her Cell were in *Greenland*, or in the Land of Scorch'd *Africk*, where the Sun ne'r Caſts an Eye, as the Song ſays. Oh my *Cocky!*

Dand. Meer Trick, Sir *Anthony*, they all Laugh at you I'll Engage, *Tom Careleſs* knows where ſhe is——

Sir *Ant.* If I Thought that, and my Grief deſpiſed———

Car. You'll never leave, *Dandle*———

Lady *Lov.* Stand by me *Careleſs*, and I'll Hector'em both [*Aſide.*

Car. I warrant you little Heroe——

Lady *Lov.* Harkee, Sir, How dare you pretend to wear a Noſe on your Face, and make it your buſineſs to Defame Ladies; the Perſon you are ſo Bold with, is my near Relation, and ſhe bid me Greet you thus———

[*Tweaks* Dandle *by the Noſe.*

Dand. O Lord! Sir Honour the Lady. Another Spark, I'll Engage my Life. [To Sir *Anthony.*

Sir *Ant.* Sir, are you a Kin to my *Cocky?*

Lady *Lov.* Yes, Sir, who are you.

Sir *Ant.* I am her Husband, Sir, her own *Tony.* Did ſhe ſay nothing of me.

Lady *Lov.* O Yes ſhe ſaid, you had abuſed her, and bad me remember her to you, thus, and thus, Sir, [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Ant.* Oh lay, *Cocky* could not be ſo barbarous?

Lady *Lov.* Do you think I Lye, Sir, or fail in the Meſſage, thus and thus, ſhe Charg'd me to ſerve you both. Hence ye Scoundrels, and learn to value Vertue. [*Draws and Drives them off.*

Sir *Ant.* Oh! Cruel *Cocky!*

Dand. What's the Fellow Mad?

Lady *Lov.* Fly ye Vipers, or my Fury ſhall ſweep ye from the Earth.

Sir *Ant.* Gad I'll be gone, and Swear the Peace againſt him, and *Cocky. Cocky* ſet him on———

Dand. And I'll be Revenged!

[*They all Laugh*] Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Sir *Anthony* and *Dandle.*

Lady

Lady *Gay*. Why thou'rt both for Love and War, my Charming *Ganimede*.

Lady *Love*. Did not I ſtrain my Voice, and roar rarely,——

Lady *Gay*. Incomparably; now, tell us your Deſigns.

Lady *Love*. For that reaſon I drove them hence.

Lady *Gay*. Well, and how, and how, Dear Creature? Where haſt thou been, what haſt thou done in this Diſguiſe? I'm all on fire to know.

Lady *Love*. Oh Manhood is the prettieſt thing in this World; You muſt know, my Dear, I have had an Inveterate Spight againſt my Lady *Courtall*, as they call her, ever ſince the diſordering of my Favourites, and reſolv'd to be reveng'd; a Letter of hers fell into my Hands, I carried it Impudently, made Love, and as Impudently ſucceeded.——

Lady *Gay*. How's this, by a Letter.——

Lady *Lov*. Ay, ay, there's no getting into a Ladys Heart like getting into her Secrets, when ſhe's in your Power, 'tis your own Fault if you don't Command her. But, my Dear, I have done the boldeſt thing that ever was, ſent for my Lord, and made an Aſſignation with his pretended Wife in your outward Apartments without your Knowledge.——

Lady *Gay*. My Life! My Houſe is yours; but ſure my Lady never will come here again.——

Lady *Lov*. Oh ſhe's not to know it; I meet her in a Hackney-Coach, whirl round, and talk Love till I have turn'd her Brain, then bring her in the Back-way, and Expoſe her; pray lend me the Key, and let Mrs. *Lucy* put my Lord in a Cloſet, do you break forth, and leave the reſt to me.

Car. Why ye're a very *Machiavil* at Contrivances.

Lady *Lov*. Ay, but I want handſomly to be reconcil'd to my own Spouſe; for really a Woman parted from her Husband, eſpecially if he's worth Money, and will ſtand it out, is but a deſpicable thing.

Car. Ladies, will you give me leave to name an Expedient.

Lady *Gay*. With all our Hearts.

Car. Nay, your Ladyſhip muſt join in it.

Lady *Gay*. You may be ſure of me.——

Car. If you would give me leave to make a Sham-Marriage with you, Sir *Anthony*, would no more ſuſpect me for his Wife's Gallant, and ſhe pretend a thouſand things relating ſtill to that, to excuſe her change of *Lawit*.

Lady *Lov*. Excellent! Then we ſhall have Banter upon Banter, and Mirth in abundance.

Car. My Footman ſhall perform the Ceremony, we'll Invite Sir *Anthony* to the Wedding, and when they are reconciled, and the Jeſt over, Laugh unmeaſurably.

Lady *Gay*. Ay, be ſure it be your Footman then, for, Mr. *Careleſs*, I would not be Married in Earneſt for the Univerſe; I muſt have no body to contradict my *Decorums*.

Car.

Car. Oh no, Madam, I am the Slave to your *Decorums.*

Lady *Lov.* Well, this Affair is Finiſhed now, I fly away for my Lady, who ſits ſhivering in a Hackney-Coach at *Charing-Croſs*, half dead with Cold and Expectation.

Lady *Gay.* But do you really think ſhe waits for you?——

Lady *Lov.* Think! I know it; who would not wait for ſuch a pretty young Fellow.

Lady *Gay.* Oh Vanity! You're a hopeful young Fellow indeed, if ſhe comes to the bottom on't.

Lady *Lov.* Pray Heaven I be'n't raviſh'd in the Hackney-Coach. If I get her hither I am ſafe enough. Mrs. *Lucy*, Pray take care of my Lord.

Lucy. Yes, Madam.

Lady *Lov.* Servant, Servant, be ſure you're both ready for the Diſcovery.

Car. Fear not your Servant. [*Exit Lady* Loveman.

Lady *Gay.* *Lucy*, manage this Matter handſomly; come Mr. *Careleſs*, we'll in and play a Game at Picquet till ſhe calls us.

Car. If you pleaſe, Madam.—— [*Exeunt* Careleſs *and Lady* Loveman.

Lucy [*Sola.*] So, here's Intrigue upon Intrigue; but 'tis ne'er the worſe for my Deſigns, I care not how many; ſee my old Canter longs for Fornication. Ha! the Bell Rings, I believe he's come already; Oh theſe wanton Adders are ſharp ſet, but I muſt diſpoſe his Wife firſt againſt I come. *Bell Rings.*

[Exit, *and Re-enters with Mrs.* Drawle.

Now Madam, into this Cheſt, and you ſhall hear all Paſſages, and make your own Advantage.

Mrs. *Drawle.* Thanks, dear *Lucy*, I wiſh no more.——

Lucy. Make haſte, they Ring at this Back-door.

Mrs. *Drawle.* Help me a little,——So,——So.——

Lucy. Lie ſtill.——

Mrs. *Drawle.* I warrant you.——

[*Goes to the Door, and lets in Lord* Courtall.

Lord *Courtall.* Pretty Mrs. *Lucy*, I ſuppoſe you have heard I am to be diſpoſed of till the Charmer comes.

Lucy. Yes, my Lord, in this Cloſet, if you pleaſe.

Lord *Court.* Ay, ay, any where; Lady *Loveman* ſaid at Six.——

Lucy. She'll be here preſently.

Lord *Court.* Well, well, I'll wait her time. [*Goes into the Cloſet.*

Lucy. So, now for Mr. *Drawle.* [*Bell Rings again. Lets Mr.* Drawle *in.*

Mr. *Drawl.* Well, Friend *Lucy*, I ſee thou'rt a Girl of thy word; ſay, my little Maid, art thou a Maid, hey my little Girl.

Lucy. Fye, Mr. *Drawle*, you are ſo waggiſh.

Mr. *Drawl.* See what I have brought thee, my Ninny, tinny, pittee, pattee, hey my little Girl, a Diamond Ring Fool, worth 80 *l.* Fool, hey.

Lucy. And what must I do for this?

Mr. *Drawl*. Nothing at all, nothing at all, very little or nothing at all, Pittee pattee; are the Doors fast, Chicken, Pippin.

Lucy, Yes, yes, give me the Ring.

Mr. *Drawl*. Give me a Buss then.

Lucy. Shaw, Shaw.—— [*A Noise at the Door.*

Oh Heavens, a Key in the Back-door, I am undone.

Mr. *Drawl*. So am I; hide me somewhere, I beg of you.——

Lucy. Under the Bed quick, quick, and I'll a top; out and cover me with the Cloaths.

Mr. *Drawl*. All then's wrong, but I must submit.

[*They go under the Bed.*

Enter Lady Loveman, *and Lady* Courtall.

Lady *Court*. Where hast thou brought me, my Dear *Adonis*?

Lady *Lov*. To Lodgings of mine, where you are as safe as you can wish; Dull, dull Sir *James*, to lose this Treasure. But did you never toy before?

Lady *Court*. Never; we Women that Converse, or have Conversation with several Men, never value any; Interest takes up our Thoughts, and being often deceived, we expect no Trust, nor give any. When we intrust a Fool, we can feign Jealousie, feign Fits, Tears, all the Passions that are useful, but in reality, nor Love, nor Hate, but as Conveniency serves: To thee sweet Youth I open all my Heart, for thou art young, unknowing yet, and I would fain secure thee mine.

Lady *Lov*. But then don't you love the Lord you live with now?——

Lady *Court*. Love him? yes, yes; I Ride in his Coach, spend his Estate, abuse his Servants, go by his Name; Love him, Oh mightily, mightily Child, but he has wrong'd me, therefore I resolv'd to be reveng'd the sweetest way.——

Lady *Lov*. And shall; we will my Soul, my Charmer, my —— [*Embracing her.*

Enter Lord Courtall *out of the Closet, Lady* Courtall *Shrieks.*

Lord *Court*. Ha! tho' I hate her, I'll cut your Throat you young Dog.

Lady *Lov*. Oh! hold, I beseech ye, I am Lady *Loveman*,—— see, see my Manhood is Counterfeit, hold, hold,——

Lady *Court*. Ha, Betray'd.—— [*Stamps.*

Enter Lady Gaylove, *and* Careless.

Lady *Gay*. What Noise is this in my House? What do you keep no *Decorum*? Ha! my Lord *Courtal*, Lady *Courtall*, and a young Gentleman.

Lady

Lady *Lov.* No faith, Madam, I can't boast of my Manhood, —— a Woman I am, and have as truly shewed my self so in my Revenge, as —— What say you my Lord?

Lady *Court.* Ay, let him speak, I knew all your Haunts before, your shallow Plots and your Designs, and did what I have done to make you more Ridiculous.

Lord *Court.* For shame be gone, I do —— go, where I never may behold you more.

Lady *Court.* Yes, I will go, and thou won't follow me, I know thy Weakness, and my Power. —— Upon your Peril follow me, —— however I'll be reveng'd of that Jilt, —— I know her Husband. [*Exit.*

Lady *Lov.* Do, my Lord, follow her, for I have done with you, and the intriguing part of Mankind.

Lord *Court.* Ha, ha, Why my Dear Lady *Gaylove*, was not I at the bottom of this Plot? ——

Gay. Upon my Honour, my Lord, 'tis New to me; this must be *Lucy*; I will be rid of that Wench, she'll bring a Scandal on my House else. ——

Lady *Lov.* Madam ——

Lady *Gay.* Peace, my Dear, my *Decorums* oblige me to dissemble with my Lord, *Lucy* where is she? I'll turn her out of Doors—[Lucy *from Bed.*

Lucy. Good Madam, be not in such a Passion. Indeed, indeed I'm Innocent in this Matter; 'tis true, Mr. *Drawle* would needs speak with me alone, and venturing to bring him hither, he forc'd this Diamond Ring upon me for one Buss. ——

Car. How, Mr. *Drawle*! ——

Lady *Gay.* Filthy Creatures.

Car. And where is he now? ——

Lucy. Under the Bed and please you, Sir.

Lady *Lov.* Ha! More than we expected; yes, Mrs *Lucy*, it will please me, and I'm resolv'd to see the End of this. Help a little; I'gad here is something; what Mr. *Drawle* the Reformer, the mender of Manners, come confess, discover your Iniquity immediately, or you shall be sent thus to your Brethren, with Evidence of the Fact. —— (*Pulls out* Drawl.

Mr. *Drawle.* I do Confess, I am overtaken, that I am Expos'd, as it were, a Scandal to the Brethren; I do also confess, that many times, when I have rebuk'd the Wicked, my self have been tempted, yea attempted by Violent Inclinations; yea, when I have sent a pretty white Transgressor to the Round-house, I, even my self, have fetch'd her out again. ——

Car. And kept her for your own use, I suppose.

Mr. *Drawl.* Yea, Verily.

Lady *Lov.* Here's a Rogue for you; now he's got into his Cant he goes on, tho' 'tis against himself. ——

Lady *Gay.* 'Tis I suffer by this; how dar'st thou come into my House with such Designs? ——

Mr. *Drawl.* I am, as it were encompassed by the Wicked, let me Escape and tell it not unto my Wife, least she rejoyce——

Mrs. *Drawl.* And lay thy Hypocritical Saintship [*Mrs.* Drawle, *Coming out of the Chest.* Open, thou false Apostle, thou greater Pretender, and little Performer in Every thing, thou——

La. *Gay.* Hold, *Mrs.* Drawle, Noise is an Offence to me——

Lady *Love.* See the Everlasting Tub-Preacher is silent; Come, Come, go

Lady *Gay.* Home and forgive One another, that's the Only way to put a good Face on't.

Mr. *Drawl.* Yea, each knowing the others Infirmities, we will go Home, and live like the rest of the Married World, upbraiding One another.

Mrs. *Drawl.* Agreed in Dissension, and if I do'nt outwrangle thee, I'll lose my Charter of the City, and be a very Subject Wife to a Face Ordain'd for Horns, and a Wretch that deserves 'em. Your Servant Ladies. Come, my dear Spouse——

Lucy [Pitte, patty, Niny Tiny——

Mr. *Drawl.* Curse on your Sex, and our Weakness, that betrays us to your Sport——. *Exit Mr.* Drawle *and Mrs.* Drawle.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Lady *Gay.* Come let's in and Laugh——and Consult *Lady* Lovemans Reconcilement, and then all's well——

Lady *Lov.* Come on, methinks, I am so valiant, and so prosperous, I could make my own Conditions, and Fright'em into a Compliance——

Car. Lead on little Hector——. *Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Lady Bellmont, Angelica *and* Valentine.

Lady *Bell.* Success and Everlasting Fame Crown thy attempt, then generous Maid it cannot fail. Thy Beauty, and thy Wit, will win the wild Trangressor, back to Virtue.

An. Dear Madam, be near, I hear him Coming. How! my Heart Flutters.

Lady *Bell.* Fear nothing, we are within thy Call. *Exit.*

Enter Chairman with Sir James, *he runs to Embrace her.*

Sir *Jam.* My Angel, are we met.

Ang. Will you not trust me for the time to Come?

Sir *Jam.* Out of my sight, I cannot, I am so furiously in Love; I believe I shall grow Constant, and Change no more.

Ang. Dare you be in Earnest?

Sir *Jam.* Trust me, I have lik'd before, and Rang'd at large; gathering the Sweets of many a blooming Fair: But ne'er till now, knew what it was to Love. *Ang.*

Ang. What a Secret Pleasure we receive from well Invented Flattery!———

Sir *Jam.* Dear Infidel!

Ang. Charming Deceiver!

Sir *Jam.* What do we here, to loose these precious Minutes? Come, lead me to the pleasing Scene, where I may finish my Imperfect Joys.

Ang. Where I may give a loose to longing Love, and wind my self about your panting Heart?

Sir *Jam.* Where equal transports shall Unite our Souls, and blend us into one vast Ecstacy——

Ang. Whil'st fleeting Time unheeded passes by, and hours and days appear but one kind happy Now.

Sir *Jam.* Till Waking from the pleasing Trance of Passion, we wonder at the Age, that scap'd our Notice——

Ang. That Waking brings me to my Self again, for then, Madam, your Servant, I would stay longer, but some Friends expect me; when I have leisure, I may Call this Way. Won't it be thus?

Sir. *Jam.* These be the Fears of constant doting Fools. But we that are only true to Pleasure, Think not so far. Come, prithee let us Retire.

Ang. I would Comply, but———

Sir *Jam.* Does Inclination sway, and dost thou Pause, what is it stops thee———

Ang. A Foolish Vow I made that the first Man I went to Bed to should be my Husband.

Sir *Jam.* But, Rash Vows are better broke than kept.

Ang. I dare not yield.

Sir *Jam.* A little Force is Convenient, for that I'll not stand out with you———

Ang. As I am a Woman, I have the privilege to be Obstinate, and I'll not leave my Prerogative; Consent to Marry me, or quit me Instantly----

Sir *Jam.* Matrimony! Thou hast frightened me into a cold Sweat; Come, take me into thy Arms, and Swear thou didst but Jest, to try my Patience———

Ang. I'm fixt as Fate——

Sir *Jam.* Nay, then——— [*Seizes her.*

Ang. You would not accept of so poor an Entertainment, as Love compell'd would give.

Sir *Jam.* Trust me, I'm so sharp Set, I shan't be very Nice at present———

Ang. One stamp of my Foot, with ease can set me Free. Therefore quickly say, will you Consent? It's but a trifle we Contend for; Marry, and when y're Cloy'd, forsake me, and be at Liberty, as great as Ever———

Sir *Jam.* I Gad, thou hast Conquer'd, I can't leave thee without an hour in Private; thou bright Inchanter, boast of thy subtle Power; I that have

Laugh'd

Laugh'd at all thy tempting Sex, been long acquainted with their fond Impertinence, their Pride and Scorn, their Patches and their Paint; at last am Caught; Yet 'tis but for an hour, a Flask of Sherry will drown the Memory, and set me Free. Yours Ever.

Ang. Then you will Venture——

Sir *James.* I must; thou'st wound me up to the last eager Minute; and like the Prodigal, I stake the All of Bliss——I've lost my Liberty, for One Nights Happiness——Which if I Win——

The cheerful Dawn, my Freedom shall Restore,
Nor Love, nor Marriage, be remembered More.

Enter Lady Bellmont, Valentine.

Val. The Victory is ours, and the Triumphant Maid.

Lady *Bell.* Has now secured the Wanderer——Oh, no, he must drink a deep Draught of Sorrow first, e're he is weaned from these vain Pleasures——

Val. Madam, will ye not Mask'd, be Witness to the Wedding——

Lady *Bell.* Yes, and Heaven prosper it, as my Design is Vertuous; you'll Come——

Val. When 'tis over, I have a Turn too, which I hope, will make me happy——

Lady *Bell.* My Neice *Marina* I suppose. Success attend you—— *Exit.*

Enter Marina.

Val. Come, my fair Runagate, has all my Arguments prevailed, are you Convinc'd your Mother wrong'd ye, as I Love you——

Mar. You're the first Person, in my confin'd Conversation I ever heard Speak Reason; therefore, 'tis Natural I shou'd believe ye.

Val. And can you Love me too, and will you Marry me, for that's the Only way to be Secured against your Mothers Plots. I must confess, I mention this abruptly, but I mean honestly, and Our time is short; therefore Pardon due Forms——

Mar. I have done so much already, to deny what Ever you with Reason ask; I'm sure, I Love you; and I think, I'm sure Marriage will not make my Portion less——

Val. Generous Maid! 'twas so of Old, without dull Ceremonious Forms, kind Lovers met——without long Settlements, and Joyntures made by the Scribling Scribe, the Consenting Pair was happy: They're Coming, Dear *Marina*, How am I Blest!

Mar. I tremble, tho'——Away, my Love shall drive thy Causeless Fears far from thee—— [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sir James, Angelica, *and* Harriot.

Sir *Jam.* Well, thou Angel! thou ſomething more Charming, than the Earth affords——Now you have made me do a fooliſh thing; give me the right reward that Love requires, Beauty like yours ſets every Pulſe a beating, and gives Deſire; a Rage not to be born——Come, My little Gypſie, where's your Ladies Bed-chamber, where's the Altar, that I may offer all the eager Fruits of Deathleſs Love——

Har. There, Sir, there's the tempting, Scene. 'Umph it almoſt makes my Mouth Water——

SCENE *Draws and ſhows a Bride-bed.*

Sir *Jam.* Come, My fair Nymph, let your Hands be as nimble as your Tongue, and quick Diſpoil my Goddeſs of theſe uſeleſs Ornaments; What not a falling Syllable to bleſs your eager Lover; thus let me Embrace and make thy Wiſhes ſweet as blooming Roſes——and ſilent as yielding Maids ——Come, Mrs. *Pert*, Methinks you're very tedious——

Sir *Har.* Oh! my Lady will be undone in a Minute; truely you an't very forward, there's a Night Gown for you——

Sir *Jam.* Speak, my Charmer? Why doſt thou Bluſh and Weep—— [*Takes of his Sword, lays it on the Table.*

Ang. I'm thinking, what a mad Thing we have done, and Repentance will o'retake the Frolick, and ſoure all our Joys——

Sir *Jam.* Prithee, let's not reflect on any thing but Pleaſure. No, I like not that, ſure thou doſt mean me fair. That lovely Face, the Work of Heaven, can't harbour Treachery. [Harriot *carries the Sword out of the Room.*

Ang. Ha!. Suſpected, then 'tis ſure, if you'd have been ſafe you ſhould have truſted me——Now your beſt *Harriot*—— Call my Janiſaries.

Sir *Jam.* Hold, little Fairy, firſt give me back my Sword or—— [*Seizes her.*

Mar. Yes, Sir, Yes, they ſhall bring it you. *Stamps.*

Enter Three or four Men, who ſnatch up Sir James, *blindfold, and hurry him off.*

Ang. Away with him—— [*Exeunt.*

Har. Ha, Ha, What does he think now? Well I cou'd never have don't to the Man I Loved, I ſhould have gone to Bed, and tryed to Reform him there——

Ang. Peace Idleneſs ——

Sure the juſt Powers will Proſper my Deſign,
Since this wild Reprobate by Contracts mine,
I love him, and if in Vertue there be Charms,
I'll fix the Wanderer in theſe faithfull Arms.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE II.

Enter Lady Gaylove, *Lady* Loveman, Careleſs, *and* Lucy, *all in Maſquerade.*

La. *Gay.* PRithee what kind of Figures do we make?

La. *Lov.* Very Frolickſome ones, I aſſure you.

La. *Gay.* Why we are going about a grand Frolick, Matrimony; but we ſhall have the Sweet Meat without the Sour Sauce; for every Wedding begins pleaſantly, and ours will end before we have time to change; Dear *Careleſs*, we ſhall never Brawl, for we Marry in Jeſt.

(*Car. Sighing*) That's my Misfortune.

La. *Gay.* I would not Marry in Earneſt for the Univerſe; a Married Woman is never truſted with a Secret, and I could not live without knowing all the Secrets of the Town, and then perhaps the Fellow I gave the Privilege to call me Wife, would grow Inſolent, and be Jealous, tho' he only Married me to Cheat my Children, and that I can do better my ſelf, and therefore am reſolv'd to be Abſolute.——

La. *Lov.* Still I am afraid of that Devil *Dandle*; if he is not amus'd, we ſhall never ſucceed.

La. *Gay. Lucy*, I have juſt now a Thought come into my Head; haſt thou a mind to a Husband.——

Lucy. If it ſuits with your Convenience, Madam. (Lucy *Aſide*, *Stroking her Belly down.*) I am ſure your Ladyſhip's Service has given me occaſion for one.——

La. *Gay.* Well then, when Sir *Anthony* believes our deſign of Marrying, in diſguiſe find out *Dandle*, and whiſper it as a Secret to him; I know the Wretch has a Mind to me, that is, my Money, and if thou doſt but promiſe him the Habit of *Careleſs*, he is eaſie to believe in his own good Fortune, and will catch at the Bait: I leave it to your Management, *Lucy*, and you know he has an Uncle muſt give him an Eſtate one time or another.

La. *Lov.* And let her be tied the ſame gentle way your Ladyſhip deſigns with Mr. *Careleſs*, and if they do not like, ſhe may for a piece of Money, ſlip the Nooſe, give him his Liberty, and redeem her own.

Lucy. I am overjoy'd at the Contrivance——

Car. Let us away, that you may about it preſently; the quickeſt Project always proves beſt.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Sir James Bellmont, *follow'd by two or three Footmen.*

Sir *Jam.* Where are you all, you Lazy Vermin, born to Devour, but never ready to Serve; ye are the Lumber of the World, the only uſeleſs ſtock of the Creation.——

Footm. An't pleaſe your Honour——

Sir *Jam.* Nothing will ever pleaſe me more, fly Dog, thoſe Chairmen, that cloſe Chair, not you, Raſcal, that are ſo fat with ſwilling Ale, and ſleeping on Tavern Benches; thy Legs won't carry thee half a Street, Porpoiſe.

Enter Valentine.

Val. What, in a Paſſion, Sir *James*?——

Sir *Jam.* Ah! *Valentine*, Look upon me as the laſt of Men. Confuſion! I to be Fool'd, *Spaniſh* Tricks in *England*; I ſhall grow mad if I am not reveng'd.——

Val. I thought nothing could have ſhook your Temper thus——

Sir *Jam.* S'death, I thought ſo too; but there was a Woman, Angel, or Devil, I know not which to call her; Fair as the firſt, and Subtle as the laſt; a lovely Innocence o're-ſpread her Face; Wit and Fire revell'd in her Eyes, and dwelt upon her Tongue; ſhe had a Thouſand Charms, and I ten Thouſand Flames, and when ſhe had wound me up till my Deſires grew my Maſters, then no leſs Bribe than Mariage would be accepted.——

Val. No more, I know the Story, and bluſh to think on't; you are Ruin'd.

Sir *Jam.* I fear I am; yet had it been by any other Means, I could have born it better.

Val. Sir *James*, How have I Loved you, witneſs the many Hazards I have run in *Spain*, and *France*, and here your Wildneſs has brought my Life a Thouſand times in Danger.

Sir *Jam.* Well then, conſider *Valentine* what I have endured from thy Grave Counſels, thy ſerious Admonitions, the prevention of many a ſweet Intrigue, becauſe you have thought it Dangerous or Wicked; yet ſpight of this Severity, I love thee more than all the looſe Companions of my Youth; I cannot quit my Darling Pleaſures. Pleaſure's the End of Life, and whilſt Health and Vigour laſt, I muſt purſue it.

Val. Thou ſhouldeſt have added Wealth, Unhappy Libertine. How ſoon will Pleaſure fly thee; I ſee the wretched Fate that is coming

on thee : Farewell, if we ne'er meet again, then too late you may repent your hasty Marriage. *Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* Hey Day, what's the meaning of this, *Valentine*? Grave Philosophy has turned his Brain, that's certain; 'tis not one in ten of these Hypochondriacks escape that stately Mansion in *Moorfields*; but he seems to know my Blessing of a Wife, else how came he acquainted with th' Affair; 'tis all a Riddle, and I'll think no more on't: What must I do? the Plague on't is, I have no Money; I'll e'en send to these Lucky Rogues that have won it, and Borrow till Sir *Anthony* lets me have some more. Who Waits?

Enter Servant.

Serv: Sir.

Sir *Jam.* Step to Mr. *Lamour*, and desire him to lend me a Hundred Guineas till to Morrow.———

Serv. (*Aside*) Is't come to this? I'll provide for my self, lest he should Borrow of me; his Service has made me pretty warm, but I shall not be such a Fool as to part with it. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Bellmont.

Sir *Jam.* Hah! Confusion rises in my Face: What do I behold! my Mother, how could she find me out? I must set a good Face on't however; Madam, You are welcome to a Young Fellow's Lodging; what shall I Treat you with?———

Lady *Bell.* I have brought my self the Entertainment, how you will like it, I know not: I hear you are Married Son; I give you Joy.

Sir *Jam.* What a Devil, has this little Gipsy had it Cry'd? ———

La. *Bell.* You see by my Indifference your Actions have no longer Power to disturb me; all the Passions that have rack'd my Soul since thy unhappy Birth, are now no more; Love, Pity, Fear, Anger, all are hush'd, my Eyes are open, and I behold thee as a Trifle purchas'd almost with Life, not worth my Care, what wakeful Nights, and Melancholy Days have I endur'd for thee; but it is past, this last Act has compleated my Care, and left thee no room in a Mother's Breast.———

Sir *Jam.* That's a Shocking Thought; but Madam, I'm a Great Boy, and must bear my Afflictions as I may.———

La. *Bell.*

La. *Bell.* No, I ſuppoſe I have not touch'd thee there yet, but I have ſtill a Laſh will make thee ſmart; thy Eſtate is ſo Incumber'd, thou canſt not raiſe another Penny, and what you might expect from me, I have put beyond your Reach and mine; that Lady whom I mention'd to you for your Wife upon your Refuſal, I have adopted for my Daughter, and upon her ſettled all the Wealth I have within my Power; therefore never more hope the leaſt Advantages from thy long Injur'd Mother. *Exit.*

Sir *Jam.* So, when the Devil and Fortune begin to kick a Man down Stairs, they never leave till he is at the Bottom; hang it, this little Enchantreſs runs more in my Head than all my other Misfortunes.——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. *Lamour* gives you his Service, but ſays he has juſt loſt all his Money at *Marybone*, and ſo ſaid Mr. *Townbred*, that was with him.——

Sir *Jam.* Ungrateful Dogs; but 'tis no matter, I'll to *Locket's*, ſure my Credit will ſerve me for *Champaign*, and there I'll drown theſe Melancholy Thoughts; follow me thither.

Serv. By and by.

Sir *Jam.* There's a true Sign of Poverty; my Servants grown Sawcy already. Patience, I ſhall need thee I perceive. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Anthony Dandle, *and two* Bayliffs.

Sir *Anth.* Yonder he goes, Snap him; the Action's a Thouſand Pound.

Bayliffs. I warrant you. Lord, what a World of theſe well-dreſs'd Fellows fall into our Clumſie Fiſts. Come Brother.

[*Exeunt Bayliffs.*

Sir *Anth.* My Lady *Bellmont* has ſent me word, ſhe will pay no more of her Son's Debts; and I have a Bond, beſides the Mortgage, ſo his handſome Limbs ſhall pay for it. I hate theſe young Fellows, mortally hate them, ſince *Cocky* loves them ſo well.

Dand. Ay, indeed, ſhe has done baſely.——

Sir *Anth.* Baſely! Pray what has ſhe done to you? I wont hear *Cocky* abus'd neither, has ſhe wrong'd any body but my ſelf? Beſides there are worſe Wives. I never took Diet-Drink long of *Cocky*; there are good Men, ſubſtantial Neighbours of mine,

Mr. *Dandle*, have done that, and forgiven their Wives too, I'll tell you that.

Dand. You are a Whimsical Man, Sir *Anthony*, you'll neither let me Praise your Wife, nor Rail at her.

Sir *Anth.* No body shall Rail at her but my self, Sir, and that's enough; Mr. *Dandle*, I have earnest Business, you have follow'd me all this Day, and I must in plain terms tell you, I must be rid of you, and there's too much for you Sir, and so your Servant Sir.

Exit.

Dand. A strange obstreperous Fellow this is; but in my way of Living I meet with many such Affronts.

[Lucy *peeping*.] I have watch'd the Critical Minute, and it is as I could wish.——

Enters Mask'd.

Lucy. Pray Sir, know you where Sir *Anthony* is? I was told he was here.

Dand. I know that Voice, he is gone, but my Dear Mrs *Lucy*, can't I serve your Turn.——

[Lucy *Unmasking*.] Mr. *Dandle*, I profess I did not mind 'twas you; my Business is with Sir *Anthony*, at this time.

Dand. Come, do the true Office of thy Profession, and disclose the Secret to me; I believe I am the first thou hast met, and that's a License; what News from the Forlorn Hope! the Wife.——

Lucy. Well, you was ever a prevailing Man on me, Mr. *Dandle*.

Dand. And so was every Man thou saw'st, upon my Conscience. What Contrivance is in hand, Dear Damsel?

Lucy. Such Plots, Marriages in Masquerade; Mr. *Careless* is just going to Marry my Lady, but I could bob him if I would, I faith; and if I knew e'er a Proper, Handsome Young Man, for I am a going for the Masking Habits, and I could pop another in his Place, as easie as Pin up a Favourite, Ha, ha, ha.

Dand. And don't you know ne'er a proper Young Man, Mrs. *Lucy*?

Lucy. No, just now all the Fortune-wanting Fellows are out of my Head.

Dan. What, no Thoughts towards your Humble Servant. Come Mrs. *Lucy*, if you can contrive this, a Thousand Pounds is your own, and *Dandle* thy Eternal Slave.

Lucy. In truth, a Lucky Thought; Have me into a Private Place, and I'll Intrust you.——

Dan.

Dan. With all my Heart; to Marry Lady *Gaylove*, to have her Eſtate, and Plague her, would be the greateſt Bleſſing could befal me; come this way, I have Fifty Thouſand Private Places.

Lucy. And I dare venture my ſelf in every one of them with Mr. *Dandle.*

Dand. Allons.

Exeunt.

Re-enters Sir Anthony.

Sir Anth. No Reſt, no Peace for me! *Cocky* is unkind, and I ſhall go Mad; I can neither Eat nor Sleep; whatever I lay out of my Hand is Loſt. By Lady 'tis well if Sir *James*'s Bond b'en't gone; no, that's here.

Enter Lady Gaylove, *and* Careleſs.

La. *Gay.* Now, who ſhall venture to begin firſt?

Carel. If there be any Danger, 'tis fit I oppoſe it, Sir *Anthony*: I am glad to meet with you; I have a Requeſt, I hope you will not deny.

Sir *Anth.* Requeſt me no Requeſts, but tell me where *Cocky* is, that I may go and Kill my ſelf before her obdurate Eyes, and make her repent her Falſhood.——

La. *Gay.* We are come to offer an opportunity of Reconciliation.

Sir *Anth.* I will not hear it, be gone I ſay; 'tis againſt my Honour to think of it: O *Cocky*, how art thou fallen, and how am I undone; to run away in Mens Cloaths, Oh Monſtrous!

La. *Gay.* I am ſure I can witneſs to her Innocence, and 'tis ill done of you to talk thus.

Sir *Anth.* Ay, you were the Contriver of this for *Cocky*; *Cocky* could never Invent to run away from her poor Dear after ſuch a termagant Manner.

Carel. On my word Sir *Anthony*, 'twas only an Innocent Frolick, to revenge her ſelf on *Dandle* for making Miſchief, as for her Dreſs, you ſee we are all in Maſquerade, and I hope to prevail upon you to be the ſame within this Hour.

Sir *Anth.* And then to Kick, and pull People by the Noſe.

Carel. All in Jeſt; forget it, forget it Sir *Anthony.*

La. *Gay.* Tho' ſhe did ſeem ſomething Robuſt, I could ſee her favour you.

Sir

Sir *Ant.* Nay, as for that, I believe, I was more afraid than hurt, and if I cou'd be Convinc'd, she had behav'd her self like a Man every way perhaps, I might be pacify'd, but Mr. *Careless*, and Sir *James*, know with what I suppose; and have generously Club'd for the Increase of my Family; well I shall be Distracted, I'll go make my Will, provide for the Poor, leave them Nine pence a Year for ever; set my House in Order, and be Carried to *Bedlam*. [*Going.*

Lady *Gay.* [*Holds him.*] First hear me; Mr. *Careless* is the only Man your Wife has Converst with, since she left you, and his Affections were so much an others, that he is come to Invite you to the Wedding.

Car. This Lady is the dear Object of my Passion, and we only have been your Ladys Companions in this Harmless affair, the Wedding is to be in Masquerade, and her Dress was only in Compliance to our Intrigues.———

Sir *Ant.* I must confess this might be, but now it cannot; 'tis impossible I should be so happy to find *Cocky* Innocent.

Lady *Gay.* Ah! Cruel Man she Loues you too well, she is a Treasure you can ne'er deserve; therefore be kinder forgive your fansied wrongs, fly to her soft Arms, and make amends for this Distrust.———

Sir *Ant.* No, I am Cold as water, Deaf as wind, and Pitiless as fire; she has been False, and as I am a City Knight, I should not pardon——

Lady *Gay.* This News will break her Heart, she will not Live to upbraid you.

Sir *Anth.* That melts me, for in my Conscience if she died by my unkindness, I should hang my self, and that's an undecent Death.

Car. He relents.

Sir *Anth.* Well, let Lady *Gaylove*, that well wisher to Intrigues, the chief Joyner in Court and City, be her self joyned in Matrimony with your amorous Beauship, that both may be employ'd at home, that she may not have leisure to contrive, and you to compleat Cuckoldom, and I am Content.

Care. We are just going to be Married, and are come to intreat your Company———

Lady *Gay.* You are so forward, my Heart misgives me——

Sir *Ant.* Let this Wedding be over, and by our Lady, I shall be in a rare Humour; I am resolv'd to Release Sir *James*; Come let's go, this done *Cocky*, you and I are Friends.——

Car. Lead the way Sir *Anthony*, as becomes your Gravity on this feign'd Marriage, no Repentance waits.

Lady *Gay.* Sure I may dare to prove a chearful Bride,
When with such ease the Knot may be Unty'd.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Sir James *Arreſted by two* Bayliffs.

Sir *Jam.* Who fears not to do Ill, yet fears the Name,
And free from Conſcience, is a ſlave to Fame.
You Catchpoles, do you underſtand Heroicks, anſwer me Harpies, are the Verſes good——

Bayl. Come, Come, Sir *James*, leave Fooling, ſend for Bail, or we muſt have you to a worſe Place.

Sir *Jam.* Why Sirrah, thou haſt ſwill'd down a Gallon of Sack for thy Share, till my Man returns with whom I have ſent to ſee for—— Friends, Bloodſuckers, Friends, are hard to be found when a Man is in Diſtreſs; Call for more Sack for them, the Rogues will Drink the Cellar dry, before 'twill affect their Heads, Oh! Here he comes; well what News——

Enter Servants.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Valentine* is no where to be found, Mr. *Lamour*, and Mr. *Townbred* ſaid, they were ingag'd to go to a Ball, and therefore could not come; three Gentlemen more I went to, but to no purpoſe, one that you daily uſed to ſupply with Money, before his Father dyed, and now, he ſhook his Head, ſaid he was ſorry, but he had Forſworn being Bound or Bail for any Man.

Sir *Jam.* Where's *Richard*, I bid him come to me ——

Serv. Ay Sir, but he has made up his Pack and is gone; I believe he has pillaged your Things, for I find all your Trunks and Drawers open——

Sir *Jam.* Very well, did you go to Sir *Anthony*. ——

Serv. He is not at Home, but I left word for him ——

Bail. I find Sir *James*, there is no hope, and when we have ended our Sack, we muſt remove.

Serv. As I came back I ſaw my Lady, your Mother, I ſtopt the Coach, and told her your Condition, ſhe ſaid ſhe would Inſtantly be here——

Sir *Jam.* There, thy officious Care has been too buſie; Here lead me to Priſon, I had rather be Condemn'd to the blackeſt Dungeon, then bear her juſt Reproach.——

Serv. Sir, ſhe is here.

Enter Lady Bellmont, *and Servants.*

Lady *Bell.* What Dumb, no Jeſt, no Railery, no Encomium on Vice, nor Invective againſt Sobriety; then Adverſity reforms? ——

Sir *Jam.*

Sir *Jam.* I am the ſame, only a Cup too low, the Rogues ſwallow'd up my Share of the Sack; I was thinking how to be even with them---

Lady *Bell.* You have another Cauſe to be dejected, or I am miſinform'd, you've Loſt your Bride.

Sir *Jam.* I hope Madam, you know where ſhe is, for I have a longing mind to a Wedding Night.——

Lady *Bell.* Send for your Creditors, and throw amain, perſwade them to be kind, and Play on Honour a Lucky hit, would give you back your Liberty; then ſeek your Wife where Strumpets uſe to Haunt, where Poverty and vile Diſeaſes reign, by this Direction you'll be ſure to find her———

Sir *Jam.* E'gad Madam, this is hard to believe; I like her well enough to think her Honeſt, I am unwilling to change my opinion, eſpecially, before Conſummation.———

Lady *Bell.* You'll find I tell you true, by a moſt Fatal proof.

Sir *Jam.* Dear Madam, be expeditious, Bail me and Pay my Fees inſtantly, for I am upon the Rack to know how Matters go——

Lady *Bell.* Vain Reprobate, do not miſtake my viſit, I am not come as a Friend, to ſet thee Free, but to overwhelm thee with more ponderous Ruin.

Sir *Jam.* See the Impertinent Rage of Woman-kind. Madam, you come too late; Fortune has Foreſtall'd you, I know the worſt, and can Sit down and Laugh at it; You know the old Story of *Diogenes*, he liv'd in a Tub, my Tenement may happen to be Larger; I fanſie I am growing a great Man, when I am ſerious, I'll be a Stoick, and vent grave Sentences againſt Wine and Women, deſpiſing every Bleſſing. I can't poſſeſs; when I am Angry I'll be a Poet, and write a Satyr againſt Money, when Merry I'll think over my paſt Frolicks, and in Sprightly imagination act them over again, and taſt the Pleaſures twice, then ſtill I'll have the Box and Dice, and one Hand ſhall Play againſt t'other to prevent Idleneſs.

La. *Bell.* When thou art Sad, as ſure thou wilt through the long variety this Sable Hour may afford, then Mourn thy Friends hard Fate; poor *Valentine* thy Friend, the only Man would wear that Title; he lov'd thee next his Soul dearer than Life, for that alaſs he has loſt, and for thy ſake.

Sir *Jam.* Pardon my Interruption, for I am Mad, and cannot underſtand his Doubtful Meaning. *Valentine* Kill'd!

Lady *Bell.* He is.

Sir *Jam.* By whom?

Lady *Bell.* Some Hector that was ſent to find you out, and force you to acknowledge the Debts your Strumpet Wife has Contracted.

Sir *Jam.* 'Tis Witchcraft all; I'll not believe a word, and yet it makes ſtrange Impreſſion on me.

Lady *Bell.* Here ſtands a Mournful Witneſs.

Serv.

Serv. My Maſter, when he had received his Fatal Wound, ſent me, if poſſible, to find you out, and begg'd, without delay you would come to him, but leſt you came too late, he gave this Ring, requeſting you would wear it for his Sake, that haply it might mind you to Reform.——

Sir *Jam.* [*Takes the Ring, Kiſſes it.*] This to thy Memory, thou beſt of Men, poor *Valentine*, but have I Patience to repeat thy Name? Give me my Liberty again, ye Hell-hounds, that I may ſearch the VVorld to find his Murtherer. [*Shakes them, and ſnatches a Sword.*

La. *Bell.* Now hate thy ſelf, and Curſe thy Guilty Follies; reflect how dear they have Coſt thy Friend. A Priſon, a Priſon will allow thee time for Thought, and Pinching want will fit thee for the Purpoſe.——

Sir *Jam.* Hah! My Eyes are open at laſt, I ſee the wretched Maze I have trod. ——Oh! that Sincere Repentance e're ſhould come too late.

La. *Bell.* Alas! I fear your Penitence is feign'd; and if again you had it in your Power, again you would purſue your wild Extravagance, and Glory in your Vices.

Sir *Jam.* Could the Truth I am going to aſſert, but 'wake my Friend from his Eternal Sleep, I would repeat it till my Voice were Spent. I look upon my ſelf with Bluſhing Shame, and loath the Brute I have been, but it is in vain; for I am loſt, Married to a Jilt; my Deareſt Friend Kill'd in my Shameful Quarrel; a Bankrupt in my Eſtate; a Jail juſt ready to receive me: Oh! let me think no more; eternal Lethargy dwell on my Soul, and dark Oblivion blot my Name for ever. *Enter* Angellica.

La. *Bell.* I am almoſt Dead.

Sir *Jam.* [*Embracing* Val.] And are you Living? do I hold you faſt my Friend?

Ang. My Husband!

Sir *Jam.* Ha! What art thou that look'ſt ſo like an Angel? Stand off, I dare not touch thee.

Val. If Virtue, Youth and Beauty make an Angel ſhe is one indeed: Take her to your Arms and hide her Bluſhes, ſhe well deſerves you.

La. *Bell.* Long may you Live in mutual happineſs, and bring a ſmiling race to bleſs my Age.

Sir *Jam.* Is ſhe not then a Falſe one? Am I ſo Bleſt?

Ang. Forgive my kind Deceit 'twas all well meant.

La. *Bell.* Have you forgot the Contract which was made between you n d the Beautiful *Angelica?* You were but young, yet ſure you may remember.

Sir *Jam.* I do, and dare confeſs 'twas for that Reaſon I forſwore the Country, leſt ſhe ſhould claim her Right. How blind is Man thus care-

fully to ſhun his greateſt Bleſſing, and with unwearied Zeal purſue Deſtruction? But how could you be thus Divinely Good, to take ſuch Pains for one like me, unworthy?

Ang. My Duty and my Paſſion both Inſpir'd me to Love you; your Character, even your Wildneſs pleas'd me, and Heaven has Crown'd my Wiſhes.

Sir *Jam.* My Life, how ſhall I e'er be able to reward thy wondrous Vertue!

Val. Added to all the Beauties which you ſee, ſhe has a Fortune large as you can wiſh, at her own Diſpoſal.

Sir *Jam.* There I am loſt again; for how ſhall I receive her; I am a Wretch, whom Vanity and Fortune have undone; could I retrieve what in looſe Riot, and Prophane Debauchery I have thrown away, then I might meet this Fair one as I ought; now 'tis not fit theſe worthleſs Arms ſhould hold her.

Ang. I know both your Faults and your Misfortunes; give me your Heart, and I have all I aimed at.

La. *Bell.* No Money ſhall be wanting to tempt your Happineſs, I have been a Careful Mother, in hopes one day to ſee you reclaim'd, and have preſerv'd enough to pay your Debts, and redeem your whole Eſtate.——

Sir *Jam.* Oh Gratitude! Thou Pleaſing Energy, I feel thy Influence; firſt, Madam, let me kneel to you, and ask your Pardon for what's paſt, you have given me ſecond Life, may it anſwer all your Hopes.

La. *Bell.* I cannot ſpeak for Tears of riſing Joy.——

Sir *Jam.* Then to my Lovely Bride, I promiſe pureſt and endleſs Truth, my Friend.

Ang. He is a Bridegroom too.

Sir *Jam.* *Valentine* Married.

Val. Even ſo, I thought it was better you ſhould Dance at my Wedding, than Sigh at my Funeral, and therefore, inſtead of Duelling, have yielded my ſelf for Life to your Fair Kinſwoman.

Sir *Jam.* May you both be happy, as I think my ſelf, now *Valentine*, for all thy long Acquaintance with the Paths of Virtue, I Challenge thee to love longer, or better than I will.

Ang. Have a care of promiſing too far; I ſhall be angry if you break your VVord. Now I receive you but as half Converted, expecting but one corner of your Heart, yet if you make me hope, I ſhall grow Covetous, and grudge the ſmalleſt Part you give to another.

Sir *Jam.* To ſecure all, let's conſult before-hand.——

Ang. With all my Heart.

Sir

Sir *Jam.* First then, reſolve to have an eaſie Faith; believe the beſt of me, for Mankind are never ſo honeſt as when you think better of them than they deſerve; they'll do a Thouſand things to maintain a fair Opinion, when they won't do one to keep a good Conſcience.——

Ang. I ſhall oblige you, but pray then never Entertain me with Stories of your paſt Gallantry; let all your old Miſtreſſes be forgot, ſince 'tis many a Man's Misfortune, by repeating his own Intrigues, either to ſet his Wife a Longing, or make her Jealous.——

Sir *Jam.* Truſt me, I ſhall be far from talking on my Follies, I ſo heartily abhor them.

Ang. But will you never Game no more?

La. *Bell.* Sure you will leave that Scandalous Diverſion, which ruins at once both your Eſtate and Fame; 'tis the Trade of Sharpers, and the Shame of Gentlemen, the Deſtruction of Families, and the laſt refuge of the Prodigal.

Ang. Sir *James*, will you throw away the Box and Dice?

Sir *Jam.* Promiſe then you will never have the Spleen, a Vice as natural to Women of Quality, as Gaming to the Men.

Ang. But will you never Game more?

Sir *Jam.* I have more Antipathy to it than a Quaker to the Mode, or a Presbyterian to a Play.——

Ang. Methinks we are ſo well agreed, 'twere a Sin to doubt our Future Happineſs.

La. *Bell.* A Thouſand Joys does this Bleſs'd Hour give me.

Val. Betwixt Love and Friendſhip I am Loſt in Pleaſure.

Mar. I have a treble Share of all this Joy; but ſee, here comes Sir *Anthony* and's Company.

La. *Bell.* They are welcome.

Enter Sir Anthony, *Lady* Loveman, *Lady* Gaylove, *Mr.* Careleſs, *Mr.* Dandle, *and* Lucy. *The Women Mask'd.*

Sir *Anth.* Sir *James*, I have come according to your Summons, and have brought all this Company to be a Witneſs of my Generoſity. By Lady I'll Diſcharge you, and ſtay for my Money till you are able to Pay it: Come, let's be Merry; you ſee by our Dreſſes we are in a rare Humour. I had not Arreſted you but for Lady *Bellmont*'s Meſſage.

[La. *Lov. Unmasking*] Ah! Sir *James*, 'twas a Sign I was not at home to prevail upon my Dear to be good-natur'd before this.——

La. *Bell.* All is well, my Steward is coming to bring you Bills, and Money for your Debt; my Son is happy, and Married to this Fair Lady.

Sir *Anth.* Hey, more Weddings! Why *Careleſs* is Married to *Gaylove*, and I am new Married to *Cocky*, that is reconciled. ——

[*Lady* Gaylove *Unmaſks.*

La. *Gay.* [*Aſide.*] I am amaz'd to ſee *Marina* here; what does it mean!

Dan. Mr *Careleſs* Married to Lady *Gaylove*, *Hictious Doccious*, then who have I, Dear unknown, be pleas'd to reveal your ſelf to the temerarious apprehenſion of your humble *Nonentendre.*

[*Lucy Unmaſking*] I have Languiſh'd for you a great while, I hope, my Dear, you'll forgive the Contrivance.

Dand. My Dear, quotha; now ten Thouſand Plagues on that Jilt, Fortune; but I am Caught, entred the Fatal Labyrinth, and no Clue left to guide me out again. Hell, Fobb'd off with a Chamber-maid, an Adjuſter of Head-Dreſſes, a Mender of Furbeloes.

Lucy. Vermin doſt murmur, thou humble Companion of Vice; thou *Valet de Chambre* to Iniquity, whoſe beſt quality is Cowardice; for that prevents thee from Juſtifying the Miſchiefs thou doſt, that haſt liv'd on Gameſters, an under Servant to the Occupation, that never had any Reputation, but for Drinking, and Lying Inimitably.

Ang. Truly, if I may be Judge, the Damſel has the worſt Bargain. ——

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Anth.* So, there's another Enemy diſpos'd on; this is a fortunate Night.

La. *Gay.* Sir *Anthony*, you are now perfectly Friends with your Wife, and nothing now ſhall make a new Breach.

Sir *Anth.* Nothing!

La. *Gay.* Why then I am not Married, nor ever will Marry any thing upon the Face of the Earth. ——

Carel. Madam, reſt your ſelf Contented, you are Married by a Prieſt in Orders, and here is witneſs enough on't, I will Poſſeſs both you and your Eſtate.

Ang. Here's ſtrange Proceedings; one Married againſt his Will, and another againſt her Knowledge.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Anth.* What, did you think to Trick Sir *Anthony*, and are you Trick'd your ſelf? ——

La. *Bell.* Siſter, you're Melancholy.

Sir *Jam. Careleſs*, I wiſh thee Joy. ——

La. *Gay.* Joy! I'll have him Hang'd. I'll be Divorc'd, if there be any Law to be had. I'll take my Children and be gone; their Fortunes are in Ready Money; I'll Spend it all but I'll be reveng'd.

Val. You muſt ask my Leave for that, *Marina*'s my Wife, and craves your Bleſſing.

La. *Gay.*

La. *Gay.* Bleſſing! No, I'll never open my Mouth but to Curſe all my Politicks outdone, thou diſobedient Girl.

Marin. Madam, I never ſhar'd your Kindneſs, nor your Love, therefore I hope providing for my ſelf is no Fault.

La. *Bell.* Couſin, I wiſh you Exceſs of Happineſs, and in me you ſhall find a Mother till your own is reconcil'd.

Val. Here comes another Spark to thank you for your Education.

Enter Squire Gaylove.

Lady *Gay.* Oh Child, thou wilt not forſake thy Mother too?

Squire. Faggs but I will tho'. When did you ever give me ſuch Fine Cloaths, and look here's Gold; and Mother we have found it in the Regiſter-Book that I am two and twenty Mother, and in another long thing at *Doctor's-Commons*, that I am worth as many Thouſand Pounds, and ſo your Servant Mother; I can take Snuff now mun, Your Servant Mother. [*Sneezes.*

La. *Gay.* Ye Intolerable Buſlehead. [*Walks about diſorderly.*

Squire. She's woundy Angry.

La. *Gay.* Be Dumb, Blockhead. [*Strikes him.*

Squire. O la, Guardian, ſhall ſhe ſtrike me now; I have a good mind to hit her again.

Val. No, hold, let her Paſſion work.

Carel. My Dear be Patient

La. *Gay.* May Devil, Curſes, Plagues, and Diſappointment light upon you all: [*Exit.*

Carel. Let her go, when her Paſſion is at the higheſt 'tis to be hoped ſhe'll mend; my way ſhall be to ſearch her Bags.

Ang. How, Sir *James*, Can you enough return your Thanks and Prayers when you behold theſe Different Widows; my Lady *Bellmont*, the Wonder and Pattern of the Age, the other the Shame.

Sir *Jam.* VVhat I can ſay, is all in my Future Life, I will be only hers and yours.

La. *Bell.* In that my Happineſs and Deſires are Companions.

Val. And mine.

Ang. And mine, Heaven knows.

Sir *Anth.* Methinks I am moſt overjoyed that Lady *Gaylove* is met with, ſhe had like to have led *Cockey* aſtray.

La. *Lov.* But the Danger's paſt now. Hear me, and believe me, I have had my Ramble, and this is the Effect: I hate the Town, deſpiſe young Fellows, renounce Intrigues, and am reſolv'd to love nothing but nown Dear as long as I live.

Sir

Sir *Anth.* By'r Lady I ſhall weep for Joy.

Dand. From a different motive, I ſhall bear you Company.

Lucy. Come ſet a good Face on the matter, and make a Vertue of Neceſſity.——

Dand. VVell, give me thy Hand; thoul't mend my Stockings, and waſh my Linen, if thou art good for nothing elſe.

Enter Hearty, *drawing in a Footman.*

Hearty. I hear News, young Maſters, and Lady Friends, and this Rogue, they ſay, Robb'd his Maſter's Boxes; I have brought him along.

Squire. Mr. *Valentine*, is this Fine Fellow a Thief?

Foot. I hope Sir *James.*

Sir *Jam.* Speak not; take my things, ſtrip him, and turn him out. [*They thruſt him out.*

Hearty. Ah Maſter! I hope I ſhall ſee you at Manſion-Houſe now.

Sir *Jam.* That thou ſhalt, Honeſt *Hearty.*

Heart. Then 'fags we'll make the Kitchin Smoak.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, the Muſick has got notice of a VVedding, and deſire to give you an Entertainment.——

Sir *Jam.* Let them come in.

Enter Muſick, Songs, and Dances after that.

Sir *Jam.* Thus Bleſs'd with ſuch a Lovely Fair, and all the Gifts of Liberal Fortune, vain Trifles ſhall no more allure my Mind, I will be always Conſtant.

Ang. I ever Kind.

Sir *James to his Mother,*

Madam, from you my Rule of Life I'll Vow,
Your Vertues will my Inclinations awe;
The Libertine ſhall now no longer Rove,
Doubly Reclaim'd by Duty, and by Love.

Exeunt Omnes.

BRITISH MUSEUM 9 NOV 20

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

LOng have we ſuffer'd, and the injur'd Stage
Labour'd beneath the Cenſure of the Age:
We own our Faults, and pardon crave to day,
When we preſent you with a modeſt Play.
Here no lewd Lines offend the chaſter Ear,
No Jeſts obſcene raiſe Bluſhes in the Fair;
This we cou'd wiſh Collier *himſelf wou'd* hear.
'Tis purely drawn after the City Faſhion,
Here's nothing taught, but thorough Reformation.
Here Vice is ſham'd, and Lewdneſs is ſuppreſt:
Virtue's rewarded, and her Friends careſt.
If ſome lewd Characters at firſt appear'd,
They're reclaim'd, or Puniſhment they ſhar'd.
The Widow Gaylove *led a wanton Life,*
Is ſhe not puniſh'd, to be twice a Wife?
What greater Curſe can on our Sex be laid,
Then to repent in earneſt, and in jeſt to Wed?
And Cocky *now grown fond of Matrimony,*
Reſolves no more *to wheedle with* her *known Sir* Tony.
Bellmont, *who all Variety has try'd,*
Yet in a Vicious Courſe ne'er ſatisfy'd;
Finds there's no pleaſure like a Virtuous Bride.
How was he ſtruck with more than common awe,
When Virtue's purer Beauties firſt he ſaw!
How did he Curſe his Stars, and blame his Fate,
That he ſhou'd live ſo faſt, yet know to live ſo late?
And you his Brethren, who to day appear
With your full Wiggs, and empty Noddles here;
Reſolve like him to leave your wicked Courſes,
And ſave your ſweet Perſons, and your Purſes;
So Maids may be (by your aſſiſtance) Nurſes.
Be once Content to take a Virtuous Woman,
You ſee, 'tis dangerous ranging in the Common.
Since Virtue's then our only Theme to day,
'Tis for your Honour, that you like the Play.

Oh!

Oh! how would Lady Belmont *be aſham'd,*
To ſee her Liberty by you condemn'd:
Who ought as much as he to be reclaim'd.
But You, bright Circle, ne'er can be unkind,
And ſlight a Preſent to Your Sex deſign'd:
Angelica, *however fair and true,*
Is but a fainter Copy drawn from you.
Then riſe bright Nymphs, and in our Cauſe appear;
All Poets hopes are centred in the Fair:
'Tis by your Eyes alone Mankind is aw'd,
They dare not diſapprove when you applaud.

BOOKS *Printed for* Bernard Lintott, *at the* Middle-Temple *Gate in* Fleetſtreet.

Seneca's Morals, by Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange.* Price 5 s.

Memoirs of the Court of *France*, and City of *Paris*, in two Parts. Containing a full and impartial Account of all the moſt remarkable Occurrences both Forreign and Domeſtick. *Price* 5*s.*

Galateo of Manners, and Inſtruction for a young Gentlem[illegible] how to behave himſelf in Converſation, *Price* 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Double Copy-Book: Publiſh'd by the late Sir *Charles Cottrel. Price* 1s. 6d.

Poems on ſeveral Occaſions; together with the Song of the Three Children paraphras'd. *Price* 3 s.

Love and Buſineſs; in a Collection of occaſionary Verſe, and Epiſtolary Proſe, the like not hitherto publiſh'd. A Diſcourſe likewiſe on Comedy, in reference to the *Engliſh* Stage. Written by Mr. *Farquhar*. Price 2*s.*

Fables Moral and Political, with large Explications, tranſlated from the *Dutch.* In two Vol. *Price* 10 s.

Toland's Works in two Volumes. *Price* 16 s. Gilt on the Back.

The Diſſertator, a Poem in Burleſque. *Price* 6d.

Love's laſt Shift, or the Fool in Faſhion. By Mr. *Cibber*, *Price* 1s. 6d.

Tunbridge Walks, or the Yeoman of *Kent.* Price 1s. 6d.

The Inconſtant, or the way to win him. *Price* 1s. 6d.

The Modiſh Husband, *Pr.* 1 6d. The Twin Rivals. *Price* 1s. 6d.

The Jew of *Venice.* A Comedy. *Pr.* 1 s. The Double Diſtreſs. *Price* 1s.

The *Czar of Muſcovy.* *Price* 1s.

Hypermneſtra, or [illegible]ve in Tears. By *Robert Owen* Eſq; *Price* 1s. 6d.

The old mode and the New, or Country Miſs with her Furbeloe. By Mr. *D'Urfey. Price* 1s. 6d.

Vice Reclaim'd. 1s. 6d.

Love's Contrivance, or *Le Medicine Malore Lui.* 1 s. 6d.

The Hiſtorical, Geographical, and Poetical Dictionary, in 2 Vol. 15 s.